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PICTORIAL REVIEW

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF TRADE-OFFERINGS IN FASHIONS, FADS AND FOLLIES

PUBLISHED BY THE
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Pictorial Review

WALKING SUITS
COATS
RIDING HABITS
BICYCLE
AND
GOLF SUITS

FUR JACKETS
CAPES
COLLARETTES
NECKWEAR
OPERA CLOAKS
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IN SPITE of all that has been said and written against international marriages and the chorus of derision and disapproval with which they are greeted by those somewhat narrow-minded Americans, who refuse to see aught that is laudable or good outside of their own country, international marriages nevertheless are steadily on the increase, and some of our loveliest girls never seem prouder or happier than when they have passed by their own countrymen to give their lives and fortunes into the keeping of some foreigner, sometimes with a questionable past, unfortunately, always provided his pedigree answers all aspirations. Of course it is altogether foolish to suppose that all foreign noblemen, simply because they are noblemen, are therefore scamps and roués, and that Americans simply because they are Americans must be honest and worthy and have in them the making of good husbands. But there is no doubt that in two out of every three cases the average girl born and bred in America will find greater happiness with an American husband than with a foreign husband. As regards American girls educated abroad the case is decidedly different, their chance of happiness being far greater. Nowadays so many of our girls go abroad to finish their education, in schools or by travel, that we believe this is partly the reason why international marriages have been so much on the increase.

Abroad, marriage with an American girl has become synonymous with a large dowry, and the number of impecunious foreigners who have hopes in this direction is legion. Most American girls fully realize this, yet seem perfectly contented and satisfied. Marriage seems to them to be in the nature of a satisfactory bond,—on one side of the scales being their fortune, on the other their husband's position,—that purely Anglo-Saxon quantity, Love, remaining altogether out of consideration. Strange to say, such marriages are by no means always unhappy, very often they turn out excellently.

Where international marriages are a shame and a disgrace is in the case of ambitious mothers who, to further their own social position, force their daughters into marrying men of rank oftentimes distasteful to them. One such occurs readily to the mind. In the case of a prominent New York woman who took her child literally out of the schoolroom to marry her to an Englishman. The child—for she was only one—sobbed as if her heart would break in the arms of her father after the ceremony. Now she is a mother and a great lady in a foreign country, but she has not forgotten and probably will ever regret her lost American birthright.

Most American girls laugh at rank and estimate it at its real value. To such girls is due the greatness and glory of our nation. Other American girls, however, hanker after a title, and we must add, generally get it when they do. They are girls to whom, being in society means the all in all of life. It is no drudgery to them to dress and undress five times a day, and their paramount ambition is to be seen and noticed at this Mrs. Somebody's or the other Mrs. Somebody's reception. Girls like these are happiest abroad for many reasons, but principally because social conditions in America, and New York especially, are so uncertain. If a French Marquise were to lose her entire fortune in a night, she would still remain a Marquise. In New York if fortune send a family from Fifth to First Avenue no one in society could possibly continue to know them, they would be as completely out of the social circle as a nigger. Abroad the laws of rank are as cast iron. An English lord can look down on a commoner no matter how much wiser or cleverer or more brilliant the commoner may be. Looking at the question dispassionately there is no doubt that it means much to be a lord. A certain Chicago lady with brains and money vowed she would pass the portals of Newport's most exclusive set, and after a fight she did so. Now she begins to set the pace and is paying back in their own coin those who tried to slight her. This could not happen in the fashionable world of London or Paris or St. Petersburg. American girls who get a husband of distinguished birth know that so long as they behave themselves their social status is assured and altogether beyond the reach of petty spite or pique.

The American girl who goes after a title should see that she gets what she bargains for. English titles are always all right, but it is quite otherwise with French and especially Italian titles. These should be thoroughly investigated. In France a man or woman can assume any title at will, no one will contest their right, they are free to call themselves anything. In Italy the Pope for a consideration turns out Barons, Counts and Marquises as fast as it takes to sign some worthless parchments. In the Caucasus any man is a Prince who owns a certain number—small at that—of sheep, cows and goats, otherwise Russian titles when not Caucasian are as sound and worthy as in any country of Europe, England excepted, where titles descend by right of primogeniture and are therefore fewer and more distinguished.

As to the question of happiness in international marriages it can only be said that there are good and bad husbands the world over. Nowhere, however, are husbands as patient, generous, unselfish and long-suffering as in America, and nowhere have wives so completely their own way. If an American woman decides that her health necessitates a trip abroad, the average husband never thinks of making any complaint. He smothers his feelings, signs the checks, waiting patiently and uncomplainingly for her return. This state of affairs would not be tolerated anywhere outside of the United States.

American girls seldom make international marriages except for rank and position, and if they have this quite "unAmerican" idea in their heads it is perhaps best of all to let them go their own way. Sometimes, however, silly novels or a peep into fashionable life abroad unsettles their minds when they are very young and they are apt to throw themselves into the arms of the first titled foreigner that comes along. This is always regretable, for such marriages too often turn out unhappily. But the girl who is reasoning and self reliant and decides that a titled foreigner is what she wants for a husband, neither friend nor relative should stop her from having him; after all, the first privilege of an American girl is freedom of choice and freedom of thought, and those who are timorous as to the outcome of such marriages may rest assured that the American girl is able to hold her own with the rest, and more fitted to carve her way as she wants it, and look out for herself generally.

Tailor-Made Dress for the Sportswoman.

THE girl of the day is a sportswoman. Time was when a young woman was accomplished if she could manage "The Maiden's Prayer" on the piano, do a bit of lace work and could ask for the hat of the gardener in French. Now she must know how to sit square in her saddle, lift her horse scientifically, and take a hurdle neatly. She must play tennis well, and show a record of a century run on her wheel. She must be a good shot but above all, she must play good golf. This is essential. A debutante would better have forgotten to learn to dance than to have neglected her golf.

Golf has its requirements, its exactions if you will, but they are imperative, and must be obeyed. A well brought up young woman would no more play from the tee until the party in front has played the second stroke, than she would put R. S. V. P. on her invitations to dinner. She would rather write on pink paper than try her put over again, after she has holed out, when other players are following her. She would as soon wear last year's gowns as to use made over balls.

But the wardrobe of the sportswoman is a thing that uses up a large portion of the grey matter of her brain. The problem is to look picturesque, and yet be practical enough not to remind the observer of a comic opera sportswoman, whose costumes match the pasteboard golf sticks and rifles furnished by the property man.

Each costume, whether it is for tennis, golf, hunting or shooting is distinct and carefully modelled in every detail. The time has passed when a woman cut off an old tailor gown and made it a general outing affair. The sportswoman studies her costume from the tip of her riding boot, canvas tennis shoes, heavy rain proof, rubber heeled golf shoes, or all over rubber boots, suitable for wading in ponds, where "red heads" and "canvas backs" live, to the crown of her quilled golf hat, jaunty darby, bow tennis cap or broad brimmed shooting hat.

Of course, the wheelwoman pays particular attention to her toilette. To any one, with an eye for the beautiful, no happier thought could occur, than to secure a seat on Riverside Drive some bright day, and watch the passing show. The wheelwoman and the automobile girl, who is not allowed in the park yet, contest for the honors,

Miss Olive Phyfe, the beautiful daughter of the well-known banker, is an enthusiastic wheelwoman. She wears a dark brown cheviot skirt, with tan leather straps. The coat is short, and fastens with small straps and buckles. Mrs. F. W. Woerz wears, when on her wheel, a dark blue and black cheviot, made with a very long skirt, like that the English women have adopted. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney rides a great deal. Her last gown was brown vicuna, with Norfolk jacket. The belt and band on her hat were of monkey skin. The hat was a narrow brimmed felt, with a prim, bristling bow of brown velvet ribbon on one side.

Golf has taken a firm hold on the gay set. It has proved false the prophesies made for it a few years ago. By the time PICTORIAL REVIEW is on the news stands women golfers will have played for the national championship on the links of the Philadelphia Country Club. The list of entries is larger than any previous year, and has astonished the most enthusiastic lovers of the sport. Every prominent club in the country is entered, and the list contains representative women of America.

The swagger golf girl wears a Scotch plaid skirt, usually. The coat is pink, of course, with green velvet cuffs and collar. Upon the latter is the embroidered emblem of her club

Her hat is of soft felt, either grey or brown, with a quill, or the new Persian handkerchiefs so much worn on outing hats

One of the latest cloaks, made for a young woman who is invited to spend some time at Clivedene, the English country place of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is very heavy, large check, Scotch plaid. It fastens a trifle to one side, has a small, turndown collar, and is edged all around with wide fringe.

Another stunning golf wrap is a cloak, reaching nearly to the bottom of the gown. The front pieces are turned back, evenly, all the way down, and the check of the under side is revealed. Large buttons apparently fasten back the front folds. There is a short round cape

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that is turned up around the edges and the effect is the same as if a fold of plaid had been laid about the shoulders.

Coon hunting parties are the fad at Lenox, at present. The young women staying at well known country houses have organized several coon hunts during the last week. When the late Hon. A. H. Garland was in Cleveland's Cabinet, he made coon dinners a fad in Washington, but the host and his guests must shoot the coon now.

A stylish gown worn on the last Lenox hunt was light brown cloth with a darker brown polka dot. The skirt was slashed and fell over a white duck petticoat. The waist was double breasted, tight fitting, with white duck revers, and slashed around the bottom.

The automobile comes in for a great deal of attention from the sportswoman. Riverside Drive and the Speed-way are dotted with women of the fashionable world and leading actresses who are guiding their own automobiles.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish had some trouble with her automobile at first. She came near having a serious accident at Newport last summer, but now she has mastered the difficulties, and is a conspicuous figure on the Drive, as she spins along in her handsome automobile.

Miss Cissy Loftus has been the envy of her professional sisters. This season she possesses one of the most stylish automobiles in New York, and she handles it as skillfully as she does the eccentricities of celebrities.

Some of the gowns seen in the automobiles are models of the tailor's art. Automobile red cloth, with two rows of black braid on the skirt, following the line of the regulating tunic is effective. The coat should be a short Eton, showing below it a white cloth vest. Sable collar and cuffs complete a charming whole.

Grey is a popular color for tailor gowns suitable for automobile expeditions. The material is cloth, the skirt

is plain, with a bias fold around the bottom of the skirt, and marking the tunic's usual line. The waist is double breasted, pointed in front, with small revers and three capes across the shoulders and back. Another handsome gown is of black cheviot, with a panel of white cloth marking the opening on the side, and forming the new box plait at the back. The jacket ends at the waist in the back and is longer in front. From beneath it at the sides and in front shows the white cloth, which turns back and forms the revers.

Riding habit skirts are at a standstill. There is no definite change in them. But the coats have been remodelled entirely. The thing that looked like a dress-suit coat cut off and made over belongs to the past.

One of the newest habit coats is scalloped around the bottom, and a trifle longer in front, than at the back and sides. It is closed to the throat, showing only a rim of the inside linen collar.

Another style of coat that is popular is double breasted, yet the revers are like those on a single-breasted coat. In order to secure this effect, there is a seam down the front, and the waist opens at one side, with the top buttons hidden under the lapel.

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IS NOT, unfortunately, possessed by everyone; but good judgment concerning the most advantageous establishment to patronize is a more common faculty, and can, in a measure, fill the place of the first named gift.

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DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 18.

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There is a variety of styles to choose from. The tight sleeves of tailor and reception gowns allow jackets and coats to be worn comfortably, and they are the correct thing for the street, and have routed out of favor the capes which held sway for so long. They fit almost as snugly as do the gowns.

Reefer jackets of seal, Persian lamb and baby lamb are ultra correct. They fit as tight in the back, and the lapels and revers are as flat as those of a cloth jacket. The accompanying illustration is of baby lamb. Instead of buttons there are four crocheted ornaments.

Our artist in Paris has sent us a sketch similar to this which was intended for the Countess de Castellaine. Such a plain coat is a departure for the American countess, for her husband selects her clothes, usually, and plain things grate upon the nerves of the count.

Lace, except on *tour de cous*, or at the throat of a fur coat has been an unheard of thing, heretofore. But an innovation is trimming the revers with lace. A heavy lace is used, either Irish point or Renaissance. A handsome design is Persian lamb, single-breasted, with broad revers, that reach the bottom of the coat, and are covered almost entirely with cream lace. The collar is flaring and of the Persian lamb.

A stylish coat, pictured here is of Persian lamb, longer in front than in the back. The rolling shawl collar is of chinchilla.

Short ermine capes are used to great advantage to throw over the shoulders between the dances at parties, and when visiting from box to box at the opera. They give a pretty finishing touch to the light, fluffy ball costume, and at the same time protect the bare neck from a possible draft. It is said that the Princess Charles of Denmark refused to allow the Lord Chamberlain to place a similar cape over her shoulders when she had to pass through a drafty corridor on her way to the Queen's dining-room at Windsor.

The Queen said: "Is it possible you do not dine with us to meet the Ambassador of Denmark?"

This implied the cape was to be worn or the young princess, whose relatives are kept busy, continually, patching up quarrels between her and her husband, was not to accompany the Queen. That settled the fashion of the short cape in England. They became the rage.

American furriers are busy filling orders for these dainty conceits in furs. A becoming model is of ermine and white fox. The front is rounded, and wide revers turn back and almost meet the rounded, rolling collar, which is of white fox, and matches the band at the bottom of the cape.

Another very chic ermine cape is shorter, with square fronts. There is a flounce of chinchilla, with a double ruffle at the top, standing upright. Capes must fit snugly at the shoulders.

Boas are becoming longer and longer. Some of the new ones come entirely to the bottom of the gowns. A tall woman in a plain, perfectly fitting princess gown, looks stunning when the long, sweeping boa forms the only trimming to her costume, and its graceful swing makes a delightful contrast to the straight, unbroken lines of the gown.

Heads and tails are used for boas and scarfs to a large extent.

Fur is used a great deal in millinery, as a glance through the leading shops will verify. It trims hats, and forms the whole hat. There are small toques for travelling and stormy days; there are fur trimmed hats for driving, and fur hats trimmed with feathers, buckles and aigrettes for receptions, afternoon weddings and matinee musicales. It may well be called a season of furs.

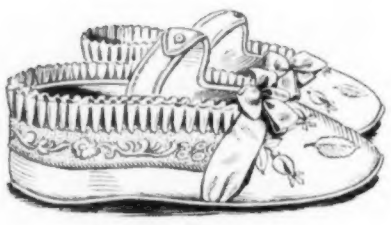
Fashions for Misses and Children

OF ALL the elaborate exhibits in Fashion's bazaar, at present, the most interesting is the one over which the stork presides as patron saint. The small person's wardrobe is most gorgeous and the cost of it astonishes the most extravagant.

The garments must be hand made, of course, and the numerous infinitesimal tucks, the countless bands of real lace and the many tiny, hemstitched and lace edged ruffles engender an enormous amount of work. This makes them very costly.

The most important thing demanded by the autocrat of the nursery is the crib. A very handsome one is of white corded silk, heavily trimmed in Valenciennes lace. There is a wide ruffle of silk that falls from the side. Over this is another flounce cut in accordian plaited, Vandyke points. The tent is held in place by a silver rod, and is of white silk, ruffled with lace. The dressing basket is made to match, and contains a carved ivory toilette set, with the initials of the small person in raised silver letters.

A very unique and useful crib is made of a large clothes basket. It is lined with eider down, and covered with silk. The outside is concealed with the silk, which is drawn together under the bottom. The handles are wrapped in ribbon. When it is necessary to air the nursery, the baby can be taken in its crib to another room. There is no danger of injuring the little back by too much lifting, and the tall si·les of the basket protect the head from a draft.



There is a departure in the wardrobe of the infant. The linen bands that bound and tortured the delicate little bodies have been done away with. In their stead tight fitting, silk vests are worn. These are pinned to the cloths, and there is no danger of a wrinkle disturbing the rest of the little one.

A picturesque long cloak is made of white bengaline. The heading of the three flounces is white silken guipure, and each flounce is edged with swansdown. The hood is made of bengaline and is appliqued with three silk and lace medallions, and the curtain is finished with the swansdown.

Pique shoes are the newest things to grace the feet, while the long robes are worn. These are made with scalloped tops and embroidery vamps, finished with a ribbon bow, and the strap fastens across the instep with a gold button.

A cunning pair of slippers are of white silk, embroidered with yellow butterflies. The toes are of lace, and the soles are of quilted silk. A ribbon run through a lace beading ties this dainty foot gear about the ankle.

A charming cloak for a toddler is made of very fine white cashmere, over a drop lining of white silk. The broad collar is of white silk embroidery. The little bonnet to match is the cunning coal scuttle shape. The crown is corded, and the rim is of the embroidery. Wide white satin strings tie under the chin, and tiny bows of white satin ribbon, and small pink rosebuds nestle against the hair, under the rim.

One of the newest hats for a young woman of about three or five summers is of pearl grey felt. The brim rolls away from the face, and over the edge fall several white plumes. The scarf of pale grey chiffon comes from the back and ties in a large bow under the dimpled chin.

A light brown cashmere banded with seal brown velvet makes a pretty frock for a girl of eight to ten years. The sailor waist laces in the front and opens over a man-o'-war collar of white cloth embroidered in a gold anchor. The sleeves are banded to match the skirt.

The small boy is a sailor still. It is the most practical style of dress, as the long trousers protect the little legs, and the loose waists allow the jolliest romps. Blue serge is the material most used, though Jersey cloth is popular. This is red, usually.

A very picturesque middy suit is of blue serge. The under blouse is of white serge. There is a blue anchor on the chest. The jacket is a trifle shorter than the blouse and is on the order of the Eton jacket, only very much looser and fuller at bottom. The broad collar is stitched with white, and has an edge of white serge showing below. A Windsor tie of white silk fastens the jacket over the chest. A row of round, brass buttons are down either side.

The small woman looks very cunning when arrayed in a brown cashmere, with short cape of brown velvet, edged with swansdown. From the cape fall large scallops, ruffled with white silk and appliqued with white lace. The little poke is of brown velvet, with very full crown, and the brim is lined with white silk, finished with a ruche of white chiffon.

For older children the styles are just as pretty. The hats for "every day" are plain felt, in the golf shapes, and trimmed with quills or the new silk bandanna handkerchiefs, or the Persian scarfs in velvet. On more formal occasions picture hats are worn. The shapes are Directoires, Tams with broad brims, or very small pokes.

A handsome gown which will be worn at a child's party this week, by a young woman of fourteen years, is white dotted net. There are four ruffles of net around the bottom of the gown, each containing several rows of tiny blue ribbon. Above the ruffles there are bands of blue ribbon becoming narrower as they reach the waist.

The waist is full, and tucked from the square cut neck to the waist line. Each tuck is headed with the narrow ribbon. A broad sash of liberty silk, with fringed ends is worn. A party gown that is not décolleté is made with a plain skirt finished with a broad flounce of lace falling over white silk. The tunic is pink silk. A lace yoke, edged with wide fall of lace is a pretty feature, when finished by a fold of pink silk laid across the shoulders.

A dressy costume is of Scotch plaid, the tunic is brown cloth, edged with brown fox. The yoke is white cloth slashed and cut in fancy points. A band of fur outlines the rows of cording at the throat.

Heels are put on the tots much sooner than was the custom a few years ago. The long, flat, shapeless "spring heeled" shoes which the small person used to wear, almost until the time when she was presented to society, are not so popular.

Naturally the foot grew to this shape, just as the Chinese woman's foot is molded by her bandages. The "arched, well-shaped foot of a Southern woman, under which a stream of water might flow" became proverbial. It was observed that Southern women, who have inheritated pretty feet from their French and Spanish ancestry, were quite vain of their feet, and excusably so. They abominated ugly shoes, and even the babies wore carefully constructed shoes, which were shaped to improve rather than destroy the beauty of the feet.

Other mothers were quick to seize the suggestion, and now the pedal extremities of the little folks are not put in box stalls for sixteen or seventeen years, and then expected to fit comfortably in the daintily arched, high-heeled, satin slippers worn by our belles at fashionable balls.

The spring heels are used, of course, by very, very young children, but the vamps are shorter, the instep more arched, and the toes have a shape resembling, to some extent, a human foot.

The fall shirt waist most popular for misses is fine, French flannel, polka dotted with white. It is lined throughout with outing cloth, often, and the back is plaited on a pointed yoke. The front is gathered and only a suggestion of a yoke is visible. The collar is detachable, and a linen collar or a ribbon may be worn about the throat.

All wool plaids are serviceable. These, as well as the flannels, can be tubbed as often as necessary, which makes them more useful than silk waists.

A style of top coat in favor is Kersey, lined with taffeta. It is double-breasted, the front piece being longer than the sides and back. At either side of the large, brass or cloth buttons, is a band of braid, spreading in a scroll over the bust. The revers are small and flat, and edged with braid. At the top of the sleeve, and at the cuffs, is a pointed design in the braid.

Double faced cloth, with the reverse side of the goods showing in the revers, the pocket flaps and the cuffs make a stylish top coat for fall and early winter.

FANCIES IN WAISTS

THE NEW WAISTS are marvels of art. The designs and color schemes are charming, and every careful detail shows that waists hold an important place in the wardrobe of up-to-date women. A handsome waist is a delightful compromise between the rigid tailor gown and the elaborate evening costume.

A good rule to remember in whist is "when in doubt, lead trumps." This might be said of waists. If a woman is undecided as to what to wear upon an occasion that has not been clearly defined, she cannot go

far wrong if she wears "the half toilette," as a noted French dressmaker has termed the fancy waist.

The colors are pale, indistinct and elusive. The material is taffeta, chiffon, velvet, ribbon and taffeta mousseline. The latter is a beautiful fabric, thin, fairy like and highly lustrous. It lights up well under the gaslight, and combines effectively with the silver spangles and Persian designs used so much for yokes and trimmings.

The bolero has not outstayed its welcome, though it has been used so much. It is on many of the newest models. It is with square corners, or curves gracefully around the bust. Worn with it, usually, is a crushed belt a la Empire.

All sorts of jewelled clasps and buckles are in vogue and buttons are of gold, silver, cut steel, rhinestones or jet.

Fringe is extremely popular, at last. For several seasons it has

tried to have itself presented to the notice of well dressed women, but until recently it was ignored unmercifully. Just now, however, it cannot complain of its treatment.

The fashionable woman has taken it to her heart, in two senses, and it occupies a first place in her affections and a prominent position on her waist.

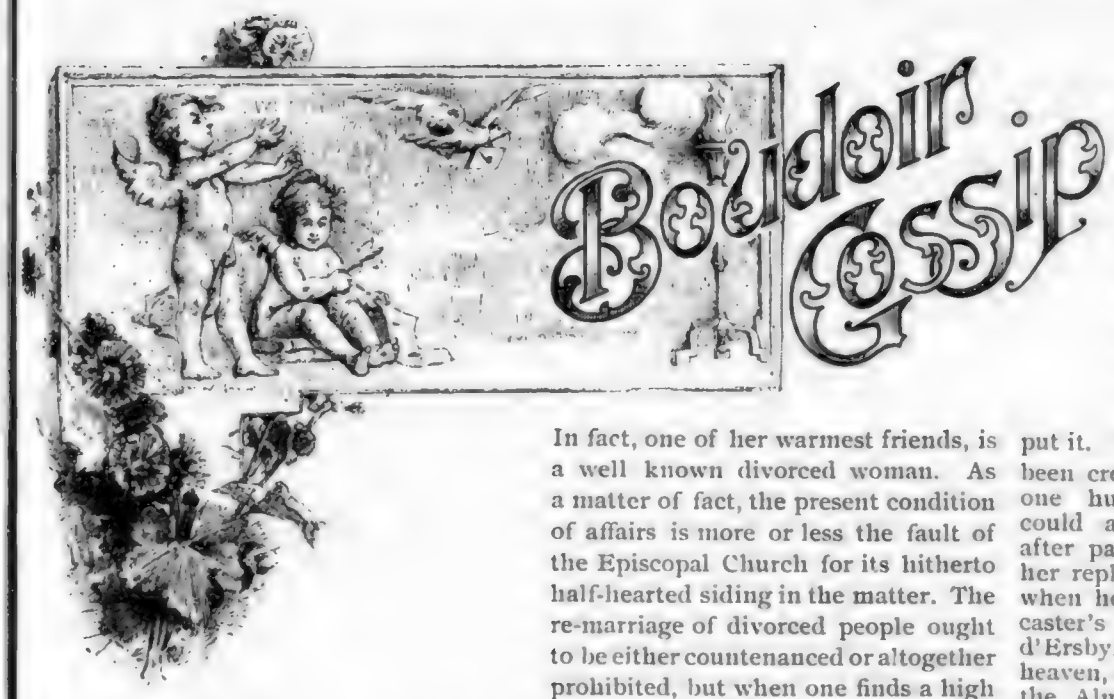
One of the most attractive waists is over a tight fitting white taffeta lining. The yoke is made with wide pink taffeta ribbon, cut in points and alternating with white lace insertion. The points, which end at the bust are edged with butter-colored insertion. From underneath the points an accordian plaited white chiffon flounce falls to the waist. It is not confined in the least, but is allowed to blow at will from the narrow belt of white taffeta.

Cream guipure is pretty over white silk. The sleeves should be made almost tight, and from the throat there are several rows of black vel-

vet that run through the lace and end just above the bust in a small bow.

A new design is of white silk sprayed with pink rose buds. In the goods there is a stripe of white satin. This is made into tiny box plaits. There is one rever that is lined with white, and where it fastens, over a V-shaped yoke of white corded silk, is a narrow string tie of white silk, finished with long silk tassels

Our artist in Paris has sketched two charming waists. The first is of scarlet taffeta, trimmed with folds of satin of the same color. The lace is butter colored, and the front is tucked white chiffon. The other is of yellow ottoman silk tucked. The bolero is of cream guipure caught with sapphire velvet.



QUITE a thrill was caused in society when Bishop Potter's utterances anent divorce at the Diocesan Convention were made known, and really, if one remembers the Right Rev. gentleman's attitude towards quite a notorious divorceé, Mrs. Haig, formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton, and his presence at a dinner given in her honor by her mother, Mrs. Astor, his sudden particularity is startling. At the same time one cannot altogether blame the Bishop, for events, of the kind discussed have succeeded each other so rapidly and unblushingly of late that it is about time some of the fashionable clergymen made a stand if only to save the unwary or forgetful from falling into pitfalls such as that into which Mr. Pembroke Jones tumbled head foremost lately. Discussing people and things at Newport, Mrs. George N. Rives, asked him whom he considered the most charming man he had met there, and without hesitating a moment, he at once named her former husband, O. H. P. Belmont. Divorce, to say the least, is most awkward in society. Mrs. Rives is going about with O. H. P. Belmont's children, and Mrs. O H. P. Belmont with W. K. Vanderbilt's youngest son. There are so many households of this sort that it is really becoming quite burdensome to remember who is who, or rather, how parentage runs. As to strangers, they cannot at all hope to go on their way unoffendingly.

As to the Belmont's, the men of course, they seem particularly fated in this direction. It has been the same in the last generation, and it is about time the thing ceased. It is to be hoped that in the case of Perry and his wife, people will accept the inevitable, and condone what is now irrefutable. Divorce is sometimes excusable, and in any case, it is better for the laity, to err on the side of leniency, than set themselves up as judges. Mrs. Hermann Oelrich's attitude in this matter has always been strikingly praiseworthy, for in spite of her Catholic prejudices and teaching and the opportunity afforded her for being nasty to many society women, yet she never seizes this opportunity as other women would so gladly do. In fact, one of her warmest friends, is a well known divorced woman. As a matter of fact, the present condition of affairs is more or less the fault of the Episcopal Church for its hitherto half-hearted siding in the matter. The re-marriage of divorced people ought to be either countenanced or altogether prohibited, but when one finds a high Church dignitary condoning offences of this kind on one occasion and censuring them on another there is surely something rotten in the state of Denmark.

W. K. Vanderbilt was at Delmonico's lately dining with Mrs. Carter, the Baltimore belle, whose husband hails from Philadelphia. He was seemingly quite indifferent to the Bend-Bishop wedding. Some time ago society was bent on marrying him to Miss Amy Bend, and Willie K. was certainly a very devoted admirer, but that little episode is over, and it was probably never more on his part than an older man's very platonic admiration for youth and beauty. Willie K. has evidently had enough of marriage, and the gay bachelor life he is now leading seems to suit him admirably. He has never looked better or happier.

New York is choke full of visitors, and distinguished visitors at that, and all the hotels on Fifth Avenue have reaped a golden harvest. Of course the Cup Race is the cause of so many people being back in town. Driving in the Park has been almost impossible, and some of the liveries sported there have been a source of amusement to our English cousins. It is so hard to make English people understand that the wife of one dry goods merchant may be in society and the wife of another equally rich altogether out of it. I gave up the task as a bad job lately. There is a certain moneyed element in all cities that will make itself ridiculous by its ravenous desire for conspicuousness, and it is too bad to have people go away with the impression that this constitutes New York society.

The races at Morris Park have not been attended as they should have been. The sporting element alone was not wanting, and the lack of the more interesting element was no doubt due to the interest of the Cup Races. Muriel Wilson on her way to the races seated on the box seat of a drag, with a gorgeous coaching coat reaching to her heels of bright vivid scarlet. Could anything be more striking or more suited to her brilliant beauty? Muriel Wilson always does "loud things," she belongs to the "loud" English set, the set that eats, drinks and is merry continuously, the set the Prince of Wales always gathers about him. Such a well groomed young woman as she is too, apart from her beauty, no wonder she is a heart-breaker, a modern Cleopatra. I wonder if the Duke of Marlborough has been altogether able to forget his refusal, or does "the memory of her bright eyes sometimes come between him and happiness" as the dime novelists put it. Too many smart things have been credited to her to chronicle the one hundredth part of them, but could anything have been wittier, after pardoning its irreverence, than her reply to the Prince of Wales, when he pleaded with her for Ancaster's son and heir, Willoughby d'Ersby, "Marriages are made in heaven, sire, please don't let us disturb the Almighty's arrangements," and that was all the Prince could get her to say. His Royal Highness admitted afterwards he had never been more definitely or more diplomatically refused.

The Marlboroughs had a *mauvais quest d'heure* after Cornelius Vanderbilt's death. The Duke is exceedingly sensitive as to his wife's antecedents, and in the obituary notices of her uncle the fact of the Duchess's great grand mother having kept a sailors' boarding house was dilated on *ad nauseum*. The Duchess solaced herself as usual in choosing the prettiest clothes in Paris, being much too sensible an American to let such things bother her.

Mrs. Howard Gould is a very lucky woman and intends to make a decided bid for society this coming season. She has taken the Kernochan residence and will entertain largely. Howard Gould took some excellent photographs during the Cup Races. He is quite an expert photographer and has one of the finest dark rooms in The Niagara devoted to this purpose. He has the gift, too, of artistic posing, and some of the pictures he made of Mrs. Howard Gould are far superior to any done by the best professional photographers.

It is surprising, considering their wealth, how little success the Goulds have had in society. Mrs. George Gould has distinct aspirations in this line, and made quite a showing at Southampton lately through P. P. Collyer's initiation, but she has never had a real footing, yet she is by no means a stupid woman. However, I suppose, even in this, there is luck. The Countess de Castellane is the only one of the family that seems to succeed in this direction, but then she has Comte Boni's guidance. The Castellanes have bought the famous Duc de Noailles chateau—the Chateau du Marais—and are entertaining there on a lavish scale.

The George Goulds and Castellanes don't seem to pull at all well together, the truth is, Boni de Castellane has no patience with his sturdy American brother in-law. George Gould is a plain, blunt, honest fellow and grates on the Count's nerves at times. Just as Castellane's methods and tomfoolery grates on those of George Gould. Then, too, Mrs. George Gould has an exceedingly sharp tongue and once or twice when annoyed by discourtesy or at least want of consideration on the Count's part, she sent a few home truths flying that were most uncomfortable

The Rhinelanders have left their fine old castle on the Rhine and will open their house in New York shortly. Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander comes back looking handsomer than ever, and her fine boy, Philip, has added several inches to his height. Mrs. Rhinelander has bought many Parisian costumes intended to dazzle spectators at the Horse Show. Although they had a glorious time on the Rhine and amused themselves later with some travel in Switzerland, they are delighted to be back in New York. Mrs T. J Oakley especially, who is longing for a good drive on the Ardsley links. Mrs. Frank S. Willoughby, Lispenard Stewart's sister, was with the Rhinelanders part of the time at Luzerne

Mrs. Astor, according to last accounts received by letter, is vastly improved by her stay abroad, and has planned to sail for New York by November the first. There does not seem to be anyone able to take Mrs. Astor's place in New York. Other society women sometimes give more brilliant entertainments, but her's alone never fail meeting requirements and she certainly has the gift of making up her lists of guests. The most warring elements meet in her salon, yet somehow the hatchet is always buried and nothing ever happens nor does anyone feel uncomfortable.

Nothing but golf in Lenox, everyone there seems to be crazy over it, and the coaching men are complaining that they cannot get people to drive with them, none of the girls being willing to desert the links. Even Henry A. Barclay, who always seemed safe in securing a pretty companion has been forced to drive alone much to his discomfiture.

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PRINCESS DELPHINE

By Alexander McArthur

Author of "Gemma, the Story of a Model," "Irish Rebels," etc.

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Chapter I.

NO ONE volunteered to tell her of the calamity. On the contrary they shifted the responsibility one to another, refusing for various excuses to undertake the thankless task. Old Prince Karol, who generally did all the disagreeable errands of the family, wept when they tried to force him into telling her and when they bombarded him with arguments, all plausible and convincing, he said he would leave the house that very hour and start for Monte Carlo or Rouen or Paris no matter how impossible the roads were or what the severity of the snow storms he might encounter would be. This threat which they saw was really serious stopped their importuning, for Prince Karol was just the one in the household of Szartorski that could not be spared, inasmuch as he was really the only unselfish member of the family. He had no ties of any kind whatever, was unfailing in his good nature and without making a pretence of attending to anything, attended to everything. Only this one he was obdurate. When he said brokenly between his sobs "I cannot! I cannot!" and then ran out of the room, no one made any effort to bring him back. Princess Delphine had been the apple of his eye from childhood. When her mother died he took all the responsibility of the baby's upbringing. He had a nursery fixed up in his own apartments and looked after her interests as tenderly as any mother could have done. Later on when Prince Paul married again, the little Princess became more than ever his baby, because her father after his second marriage ceased to give any thought to his first born, hardly ever saw the child and would not have even remembered her fete days if Prince Karol had not forcibly brought them to his notice. Prince Karol supervised the child's whole education. He engaged nurses, governesses, helped her with her lessons, amused her, took her part against her stepmother, and finally had the satisfaction of beholding her a singularly well bred and highly educated young lady, somewhat over sensitive because of his petting and attention but altogether healthy, happy and good tempered. Just as he had been her confidant and advisor in childish joys and troubles, so too he became the sharer of all her love secrets, or at least of just so much as a young girl ever tells. Invariably after every fete or ball she came to unburden herself of all that had happened, for there was absolutely no barrier between them. She called him Karol without any prefix whatever and had done so from her babyhood. Various members of the family censured him for allowing this, but Prince Karol gloried in the fact. It delighted him that she should feel so little restraint with him. He had never spoken an angry word to her in his life nor had she ever disobeyed him in anything. Instinctively as children do, she had divined his devotion and her loyalty had been unswerving. He was everything to her, father, mother, playmate, companion. He taught her to smoke her first cigarette gracefully after the most approved fashion of Polish ladies of birth and breeding and at her first ball it was Prince Karol whom she elected to be her partner in the polonaise.

Because he knew her better than anyone he knew the exceeding Slavic sensitiveness of her disposition, and the strength and tendency there was in it for sorrow. The news so sudden and unexpected had unnerved him. He could not go to her and say: "Ladislas Potocki has been arrested by the Governor and is on his way to Siberia." He felt it would be kinder to kill her, kill her as she then was in all the first flush of joy and happiness of her betrothal. Time, of course, is a mighty leveler and the bitterest sorrows forgotten, or if not forgotten, at least alleviated, but Prince Karol could not grasp this hope just then. The news was too recent, too terrible. Altogether it seemed too horrible to him to be true, yet he knew it was true and agonizingly thought sooner or later Princess Delphine must learn of it. It was mid-day and already she was uneasy over the delay of the letter Count Potocki sent her daily, only the knowledge of the terrible weather all over the country impressed on her by others had allayed somewhat her impatience.

The family had had the telegram telling of Potocki's arrest an hour, delayed in its transmission from St. Petersburg one day. They had gone one by one into Prince Paul's library, Prince Paul and his wife, Delphine's stepmother. Her stepbrothers Bela, Ignaz, Etienne, her stepsisters Katinka and Marie, her two uncles, and one aunt, Princess Paul's mother Countess Zamoiska, Miss Dalton, the English governess, M'lle Sagan, the French governess, Paul Petrowitch, Prince Paul's secretary, and Prince Karol, Prince Paul's uncle and Delphine's grand uncle. They stood round the table like culprits. The telegram announcing the dreadful intelligence open before them. One after another they took it in their hands to read it, but no one could believe its contents till they saw it with their own eyes, looking at it too and partly from morbid curiosity. They were all talking in an undertone and at once, Delphine's stepmother absolutely forgot her hatred for the moment and spoke endearingly of her, even calling her by that Slavic term which means so much and sounds so sweetly "little soul."

No one had arrived at any conclusion when Prince Karol rushed out of the room. They seemed for a moment to have nothing to say simply because they had nothing to suggest, and talk under the circumstances was futile. They could hear Prince Karol hurrying along the gallery to his own suite of apartments, a smothered sob sounding like convulsive laughter rather than weeping. These sounds hardly finished and they stood looking at each other silent, not knowing what to do, when another sound greeted their ears that made most of them wince. Princess Delphine's lovely voice singing a love song somewhat sad and low but intensely passionate. She came slowly up the stairs, snapping her fan to the rythm of the song, her high-heeled shoes clicking on the marble of each step. When she caught sight of the family gathered in her father's library, she stopped still and ceased to sing. She knew it was no fete day and seeing so many gathered at once began to feel vaguely uneasy; she hurried to the door and stopped just at the threshold. Prince Paul met her as if to bar her entrance, while some of the others threw papers over the telegram.

"Delphine, my sweetheart," said Prince Paul almost pleadingly.

Her face paled and her heart began to beat quicker, surely something was wrong. Her father never addressed her so. He kept all such terms of endearment for her stepbrothers and sisters. Instinctively she felt something was awfully wrong. She ran her eyes hastily over those assembled, only Prince Karol was missing. "Ah something is wrong! Karol! What is the matter with Karol?" she asked, impatient in her concern and fear and quite rudely. She leant against the door-sill. "Speak! Tell me!" she cried imperiously. "Are you all deaf and dumb?"

"No, no, Uncle Karol is not ill," answered Prince Paul.

"Then what, what is it?" she muttered quickly, as a look of agony crossed her young face very terrible to see. "Ladislas!"

"Yes, a telegram on the table," replied the Prince, brokenly.

Princess Delphine took it from the hands of Paul Petrowitch, looked at it, looked at it a second time, her face growing paler, then in a dazed, semi-conscious way, she said faintly: "Karol, I want Karol, I want him. Where is he?"

Two or three of the family called out at once: "Uncle Karol, come quickly, Delphine wants you!" Prince Karol had stolen along the gallery on hearing her voice and he came flying towards them his face red and swollen almost beyond recognition. He met Delphine at the door and put his arms about her, and waited for her to say something first, but she was unable to speak. Every one was crying, even the Princess Paul. Delphine alone being tearless.

"My pigeon, my sweetheart, little dove, little soul," Prince Karol said brokenly between his sobs, "Don't worry, don't look so. We will—we must settle this. It is some misunderstanding, some wickedness, some hideous plot against him because he is a Pole. Dearest, weep, ease yourself, don't look so. It will be all right—I know it will. Now, at once, if you will, we will start for St. Petersburg, you and I together, we will go to the Czar himself, I have powerful friends at Court, and we can arrange all this. We will arrange it, even if it costs me all my fortune."

Delphine began to cling to him and moan and after much soothing she said feverishly and in a queer, strained voice: "Can we go now—at once?"

Prince Paul and Prince Karol looked at each other aghast.

"How useless!"

"What folly!"

"In this weather!"

"Karol is crazy to promise this!"

Every member of the family muttered something prejudiced, but Princess Delphine did not seem to understand. Then Prince Paul said with an effort and heroically: "Yes, Uncle Karol, perhaps it is best. You may do something, you can do no harm, and we must help Ladislas if we can."

Neither Karol nor Prince Paul nor anyone old enough to understand the workings of such things had hope that anything could be done, they felt sure nothing could be done, but when they saw the grief in Delphine's face they knew the reprieve was a blessing to her.

In a few minutes the household was in complete confusion, every one was willing and helped, but it took quite two hours before they had some things packed and the three horses were saddled to the big

sled. At last they were seated, their fur shoubas fastened tightly about them and bashiks over their caps to keep their ears from freezing.

"We may reach St. Petersburg in four days and we may not," Prince Karol said, as he looked through the mist of blinding snow and inwardly thought: "What a blessing if we never reach it. Death in the snow is so easy, it would save Delphine so much sorrow."

Something of the same idea came to some of the others as they stood stamping their feet on the frozen ground in their furs. Then the last adieux were gone through. Prince Paul made the sign of the cross over his daughter's forehead and could hardly mutter his blessing, so great was his emotion as she kissed him with her cold lips. The driver gave a whoop of warning, cracked his whip and everyone leaped aside as for a moment the horses stood on their hind legs, tossing the snow in clouds for yards about them. A second later the sledge had gone, only two huddled black figures, making a spot in the snowy whiteness all round them, finally even that was lost to sight in the dreary winter waste.

(To be continued.)

SOME TERRIBLE HUSBANDS.

A LADY sends us the request that we will not confine our satire to one sex. She thinks that the foibles and absurdities of husbands may be as justly held up to ridicule as those of wives, in which view we agree, holding that satire, so long as it is not malevolent and personal, is wholesome, and even productive of reforms which apostles might preach in vain.

In a former article we expressed our dislike of masculine women, whose air, gait, conversation, and behavior always produced the disagreeable feeling that they have put on skirts by mistake. We confess we like no better their counterpart in the other sex, the men who ought to have been women.

One of our friends, a meek, unoffending little lady, admirably designed for superintending the nursery and kitchen, is married to a man whose tastes are purely domestic, and in our opinion of a peculiarly disagreeable kind. He is a large man, and having an income which does not necessitate his going abroad as wage earner, is always to be found at home, not in his proper place in the smoking-room or in the library, but in those regions superintended by the nurserymaid and the cook, where the presence of a man is exceedingly objectionable. His mind—if one may be permitted to use so noble a word for so insignificant a faculty—is incessantly concerned with the pettiest details of housekeeping, and there is not a single item of expenditure which is not first of all submitted to him for approval. The detestation in which he is held by a cook of a liberal turn of mind can be better imagined than described here. Every morning he descends into the kitchen, examines the larder, and arranges the menu for the day, amidst the scarcely concealed contempt of the cook and the housemaids, who have been known to remark, with that tendency to abstract generalization so often found in their sex, that they do "like a man to be a man." After he has finished pottering about the kitchen, this domesticated gentleman attends on Mondays to the washing, and, having peculiar views on the subject of the art of the laundress, is quite as popular with that individual as he is with his cook.

We must do him the justice to admit that his knowledge of things usually regarded as within the feminine province is quite amazing; at times also it is slightly embarrassing. Being an old friend of many years' standing, we are constantly unwilling listeners to discussions of a somewhat delicate nature. Only recently at the breakfast table Papa discerned something amiss with the wardrobe of his youngest daughter, which aroused all his ladylike instincts.

"Maria," he exclaimed, "what *do* I see? A safety pin at the bottom of your skirt! Come here to me instantly."

Maria approached her parent unwillingly, and we endeavored to concentrate our attention on a hot roll. But with a kind of fatal magnetism our eyes were compelled to fix themselves on the operations of Maria's parent, who was dragging from some subterranean regions beneath Maria's skirt, yards of torn fabric. "Ring the bell instantly for nurse," thunders Papa, at the same time divesting Maria of her outer garments with a dexterity that shows considerable familiarity with the proceeding. Upon the arrival of nurse, Papa proceeds to harangue her upon her misdemeanors in regard to button and strings with a solemnity not usually seen off the Bench.

The nagging wife is a classical figure on the stage, but she is much less odious, probably because, speaking generally, she has more reason for her unamiable peculiarity than the nagging husband. We know one unamiable man of this kind who, having married a pretty and charming young girl, much too good for him, makes her life a burden to her by his perpetual fault finding. He is for ever reproving her in public, and her costumes, her cook, her conversation, and conduct are the subject of incessant criticism. No one could dress more modestly nor in better taste than this young wife; yet we have seen her come down dressed for an entertainment, and actually compelled by her spouse to undress and put on another robe because he did not consider it suitable. On one occasion she had dressed herself in an evening gown to which prudery itself could have taken no objection. Her husband put on his eye-glass and gazed at the few inches of white throat which revealed itself in the most discreet fashion as if it were an outrage on propriety. "I hope," he remarked frigidly, "you don't propose going out uncovered in this fashion with me. No lady should ever attract attention. Pray, put on something decent." The poor girl, flushed and angry, dressed herself in a high gown, went to the opera, and had the ironical satisfaction of seeing her priggish husband gazing the whole evening through his eye-glass at a lady whose costume, or lack of it, attracted the attention of every man present. She was neither young nor beautiful nor celebrated, but thanks to the daring audacity of her bodice, she secured a notoriety which a combination of these qualities could not have brought her. No doubt the young wife made her own comparisons and reflections upon her husband's consistency. For the nagging husband we fear there is no hope, and the unhappy woman who has to pass her life subject to his eternal criticism and lecturing is really to be pitied For our part, we think the lot of such a woman, who has perpetual words thrown at her head, is not much better off than the wife of Bill Sykes, who has weapons of a more substantial, but not less painful, kind hurled at her; and we hope every husband who reads these lines, and is in the habit of lecturing and criticising, will recall this comparison and feel ashamed, and, better still, amend.

A trying order of husband is the man who considers himself a wag and wit of the first order and feels bound to live up to his reputation. We know such a husband, a good-natured sort of person, with no harm in him beyond this fatal habit of being what he is pleased to call "funny." He passes a considerable part of his life in reading and learning "funny" anecdotes, and, having no real sense of humor or appreciation of wit with point, is a perfect dust heap of silly, feeble, and rather vulgar jokes, or, as he calls them, "bon-mots." What his wife, a devoted creature, suffers, no pen can describe, or by what process she, a woman of sense and refinement and humor, came to marry a person whose stories are of a kind to send servant girls into peals of laughter. Long practice has made the poor lady a proficient in producing smiles at the right moment, and she can keep her husband in the best of humors by applauding his silly, pointless stories, most of which, as the gentleman's repertoire is limited, she hears two or three times a week upon an average. Sometimes, with an hypocrisy which we cannot enough admire, she can actually divert his ill-humor caused by a bill or a bad dinner, by entreating him to tell that capital story "about the Irish servant girl which Col. Jones roared over." As we say, we admire her diplomacy, but we think it hard lines on her friends, especially those whose expressions betray their sentiments. Fortunately, however, this particular host is so gratified by his own wit, and so much accustomed to an admiring female audience, who think his humor every bit as good as Mr. Corney Grain's, that the notion that one of the "ladies" might be cherishing sentiments of contempt and disgust for him never enters his head. Some day we will write an essay on the vanity of stupid men, and show how in this direction, as in most others, they can beat women. In addition to these types of husbands, there are some others whose wives have our sincerest sympathy, as, for example, the fussy man who insists that people will take cold if a window is open, and is fidgety about a harmless cup of tea taken by his wife after dinner, or, with the kindest intentions, makes life a burden to her by his fussing; and the irate man who flies into a passion if a train is a few seconds late, and quarrels at every hotel with the waiters, and swears and makes an exhibition of himself upon the slightest provocation; and, worse still, the mean man who haggles over a few pence in a bill of hundreds of pounds, and humiliates his unfortunate wife in a thousand petty ways. And yet all husbands are not terrible, some are even charming; but—as Mr. Kipling would say in his earlier manner, this is another story.

A
B
C
F
G

RIPTION EXT PAGE.

Description of Millinery on Centre Pages.

THE MILLINERY of the hour is a brilliant kaleidoscope of half tones. All sorts of trimming from plumes and birds to quills and bows are used. If favoritism is shown to any particular ornament it is the butterfly. They are in jet for the street hats, and for more formal attire they are gauze with white, or gold, or silver dusted wings. At the theatre, dinner and opera, point lace butterflies, with jewelled eyes, flutter in my lady's perfumed hair.

Persian scarfs and handkerchiefs are used a great deal for trimming. For the street they are velvet, and for dress hats they evolve into liberty silk or chiffon.

A hat that has a great deal of style and dash to it is pictured on the centre page. It is blue felt, with Tam of blue velvet. The wide bow is of blue satin ribbon, against a back ground of black wings.

Guineafowl breasts and wings produce a chic effect when the color scheme of the hat is good. They form or conceal the entire brim from front to back, in this illustration. The shirred crown of green velvet combines well, and the Mercury's wings are shaded from brown to black.

One of the newest hats has the brim covered with grebe. The Tam is of grey velvet, and two black wings curve gracefully over the whole.

Jet hats have compromised on a jet brim only. Usually the crown is of black velvet. The jet hat illustrated here has a knot of black velvet, fastened with a pearl buckle, holding in place two long, white ostrich plumes, which fall over the brim in the back.

Black veiling envelopes the white lace on the broad brim of one of the latest designs. A large black bird is perched on one side, and white aigrettes nod over the crown.

Brown plush forms the brim of a charmingly built hat. The crown is high and shirred, with slightly projecting ruff at the top. Above the knot of plush in front is a very tiny grebe head with drooping aigrettes of ecru.

As to the picture hats they are poke or Directoire. They waver through all the phases of the first Empire to the hat of the Restoration, and finally show in the Directoire with the Marie Stuart peak very exaggerated. They are of satin or velvet, and their strings are ribbon, tulle or fringed scarfs. The accompanying illustration is of brown velvet, with blue chiffon shirred under the brim. The regulation cluster of ostrich tips is brown.

Description of Reception Gowns

on Page 7.

CREPE DE CHENE is a fabric that has bounded into favor again for reception and evening gowns. Pink crepe de chene lights up more beautifully than any other. There is a gleaming sheen about it that blue or, in fact, every other color, fails to catch. A beautiful design for a gown of this material is made with two full bias ruffles at the bottom of the skirt, headed by a band of cream insertion. A narrower band of the lace runs up the front of the gown, and an odd feature is a yoke at the top of the skirt, like that on a petticoat. The lace yoke of this waist is surrounded by four puffs, which are a pleasant departure from the usual ruffles.

Black and white always attracts attention. An ivory silk or satin is very effective under black lace. The accompanying illustration is a charming design of this style of gown. The tunic is finished with silk fringe, and falls over an accordian plaiting of black silk. The sleeves and yoke may be transparent.

Figured silk is used for afternoon receptions or informal at homes. The gown used in this illustration is white taffeta, sprayed with pink flowers. The lace yoke shows a small portion of the throat at the V-shaped opening. The top of the bodice is puffed in several rows, picturesquely outlining the yoke.

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Special attention is called to the perfect fitting Habit and the smartest skirt at a price that can not be duplicated elsewhere considering its value.

I also make Fur Garments to order and remodel old ones equal to new at moderate prices.

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All fittings receive my personal attention, and being the inventor of some exclusive designs makes it possible for me to execute all orders with best satisfaction at the lowest possible price.

A LARGE STOCK OF IMPORTED MATERIALS AND FRENCH MODELS TO SELECT FROM.

NOTICE—Readers of this advertisement are particularly requested to note the address of Mr. Weingarten in order to obviate mistakes which have heretofore occurred.

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134 W. 23D ST.

Near 6th Ave. NEW YORK

FRENCH PATTERN

HATS

TOQUES

BONNETS

AN INSPECTION RESPECTFULLY INVITED

WOMEN DUELISTS.

DO WOMEN of the present day fight duels? The question is startling. Have women ever crossed swords in mortal combat is the questioning answer. Vague memories of the affair that convulsed social Baltimore, a few years ago, flash through the brain. Two fair members of a famous set, about which so much has been written, put on the gloves after a theatre party where the wine had resembled the brook in its continuous performance line, and fought for the honor of going home in the same trap with a well known cotillon leader.

The famous duel of Ninon d'Enclos is remembered, of course. But that woman was said to be a record-breaker from all points of view. Her press agent, whose work has lived through centuries, would own the Rialto if he lived in New York today. Anyway d'Enclos, "stung by *spretae injuria formae*," to quote from Ingoldsby, donned manly attire and challenged a gay and festive young noble who had affronted her. She, being a clever swordsman, watered the dandy's boutonniere in his own blood and cost him a deep humiliation and a satin doublet.

In the mausoleum at the British Museum are the remains of the tomb of Mausolius. The frieze of that magnificent edifice represented a battle between the Amazons and the Greeks, according to Pliny. An Amazonian battle field is represented also in the relief of the Phigaleian room. And a sarcophagus, one of the gems of the museum, shows the duel between Hercules and the fair Andromache. To judge from the positions, one would not be far wrong in laying odds on the lady. Gibbons, in his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, tells of the patrician beauties appearing, on great gala occasions, in the arena, fully armed as gladiators, and giving an exhibition of skill and strength.

But the question is, do cultured women of to-day fight *a la morte?* I sought Monsieur Louis R. Senac, an authority on affairs of foils and swords. Monsieur had just returned from giving a lesson to a well-known actress. He was in full fencing costume.

"Do women of to-day fight duels?" he said as he sat down and drew off his gloves. "Of course they do. When one knows how to fence skillfully, it is easy to avenge an insult, and women do so as quickly as men."

His eyes flashed. He looks more an Egyptian than a Frenchman. His glance is as fierce as a tiger's or as soft as a woman's according to the emotion. He is tall and lithe and moves with the ease and grace that characterizes a past master in the art of fencing. I resolved to be very polite.

"The pistol is as much a part of the toilette of the men of the south and west as the sword was to the man of caste of the sixteenth century," continued Senac *fils*, "and in those countries an affair of honor never goes beyond the coroner's verdict of 'justifiable homicide.' Did you notice that pretty little blonde who was leaving as you entered? Then you recognized her, and if you will not use her name I will tell you that the scar across her forehead, which her hair partly hides, was received in an affaire of honor in St. Petersburg three years ago. It was the outcome of a dressing room quarrel, in which the name of a Grand Duke of Russia was involved. Of course, in that country where the State controls the press, it was hushed up, and the lady and her rival were quietly escorted to the frontier. I fancy madame's heart was as badly pinked as her fair brow, and it is too sacred a thing for her to give to her press agent, so it remains a secret among a few. I taught her to fence, and I knew the ability of the other combatant, and I am sure it was more than the unique position that made her hand unsteady.

HE WAS IN FULL FENCING COSTUME.

"Just four years ago, last week, the inner circles of the most exclusive court of Europe, that of Austria, was shocked at the duel of two of the debutantes of the season; the meeting took place at Schloss. By accident I witnessed it. One of the seconds was a sister to a lady in waiting to a reigning sovereign. They drove to the spot in closed carriages, and wore long coats over their short skirts. But they had dressed hurriedly and had forgotten to remove their corsets. They had had several opportunities to wound each other, and the sword of each had glanced off before they realized it. The seconds demanded a change of costume, and patrician blood was spilled before beauty's honor was avenged. At court it was announced that a certain bud had a severe attack of pneumonia, which accounted for absence from state functions. The affair was veiled in as much mystery and as many conflicting stories were told about it as about the death of the Crown Prince. By the way, Rudolph was very attentive to one of the fair duelists. And it was observed the next season that she wore a broad ribbon from shoulder to shoulder when she appeared in evening clothes. To her intimates she confided that there was a red mark underneath, which was left by some of the medicines applied to draw out the pain when the pneumonia was attacking hardest.

"All actresses must fence, not that they expect to be called out on the field of honor, nor do they expect to have to cross swords before the footlights, but fencing is as necessary to them as dancing, or the art of make up. It gives a grace and airiness of motion that no other training can bestow. Among the most famous stage people who have been pupils of my father or myself are Mrs. Langtry, a most clever swordswoman. Mrs. Potter, whose stage presence was greatly improved after her first course, Rose Coghlan, who reduces her weight thereby, and Elsie de Wolfe, who has built up her wonderful figure by the same means.

"Among the social set are Messrs. Perry Belmont, Pierre Lorillard, Count Hadik and Fernando Yznaga. A few society women took it up for a fad. They wanted to toss off, in a discussion, the technicalities of the art, they wanted to have their pictures taken in the costume, and they thought the foils, mask and gloves would make effective decorations for their dens. This is the type of woman who wears high heeled slippers, with large buckles, an accordian plaited skirt, and décolletté, chiffon waist. She insists on a buckler, and a liberty silk scarf floats coquetishly over her shoulder. A toy dagger is thrust in her belt. I hate to see my father teach such a pupil. There is bound to be an explosion sooner or later."

CORRECT FENCING COSTUME.

Senac *père* passed through the room to the cold plunge. I pictured that doughty swordsman and duelist before such a pupil. He looks as though he might have been one of Richelieu's famous guardsmen, had he lived at that time.

"But the general run of society women understand what a tonic to the nerves fencing is, and take it up seriously," continued Mr. Senac. "These it is a pleasure to teach. They are quicker than men and can defend themselves better. But the weak wrist, which is characteristic of even the strongest woman, has to be developed before she can hold her own against the sword of a man."

"Low, tennis shoes are absolutely necessary, and a heavy, short, corduroy skirt is appropriate, a padded, chamois skin waist is needed when thrusts are made with force. Such is the correct dress for the swordswoman who is in earnest, and not a *poseur*. The other is very well for comic opera, or to amuse my lady. I see that a society girl of London, the daughter of a British naval officer, who taught her to fence, has adopted it as a profession, and is ready to meet any man who has won enough honors to make him a foeman worthy of her steel."

When asked if he would accept a direct challenge from her, Monsieur smiled and declared that he had kept his pupil waiting long enough.

ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION OF 1900, IN PARIS.

CHAPTER II.

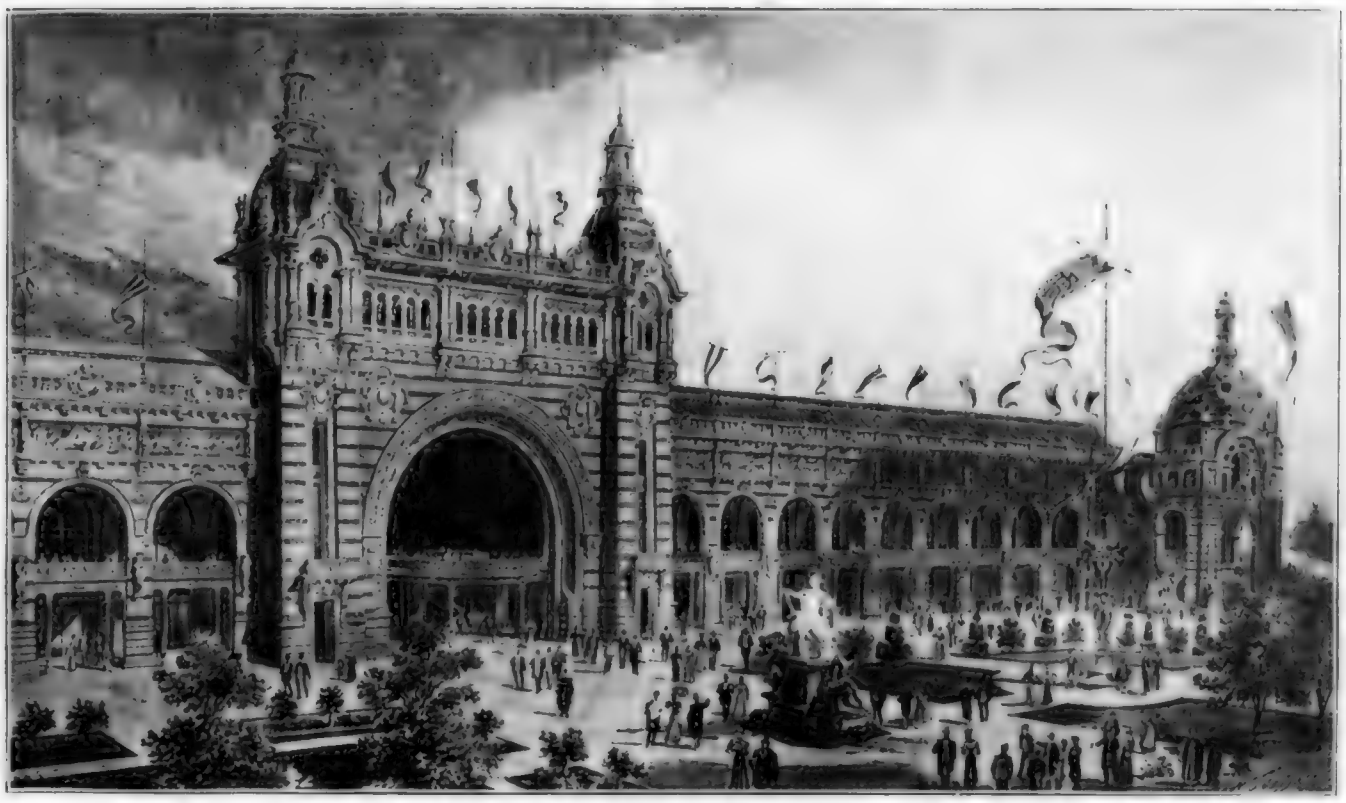
ED.'S NOTE.—Through an oversight we neglected to state in our last issue that the cuts of the Grand and Petit Palaces were kindly lent us by the Director of the American Exhibitor's Agency, Mr. Blum, and the Agency's courteous Secretary, Mr. Roch.

THE more one studies official plans and figures, the stronger grows the conviction that this Exhibition of 1900 will present a spectacle colossal in its magnificence. We have given an idea as to the palaces in course of erection in the Champs Elysées to the Invalides. We will now take up the Champ de Mars. Most visitors to Paris remember the Champ de Mars as the home of the rival salon and the Tour Eiffel. Like the Invalides, the Champ de Mars seems inaccessible and somewhat of a journey. A drive or walk in the Champs Elysée or the Bois was an every day occurrence, whereas a visit to the Champ de Mars was rare and never with that specific object in view, this generally being a visit to the Salon in the Gallerie des Machines. In the Champs Elysées and on the boulevards one met familiar faces on all sides and acquaintances by the dozen. In the Champ de Mars, however, except on stated occasions one was surrounded by strangers, and these not even Parisians, but people from the Provinces, tourists and nursemaids. In fact, the Champ de Mars hardly seemed a part of Paris at all. The Exposition has now literally transformed this place, hitherto famed for its flower beds and the gigantic Tour Eiffel which dwarfed all objects near it. For months past florists have been busy with the gardens and some of the finest trees that had to be removed from the Trocadero to make room for various buildings are now transplanted here and owing to the skill and care exercised are growing finely. Applications from all parts of the world came in for horticultural space, but unfortunately they met with a refusal, the gardens of the Champ de Mars hardly sufficing for ornament. An exception alone was made in favor of Holland, for the Dutch gardeners promised an exhibition of hyacinths and tulips so wonderful that the administrators of the Exposition stretched a point in their favor. The gardens of the Champs de Mars will be in the care of fifty gardeners, who will perform the various duties in the morning, wearing uniform in the afternoon, and guarding the flowers and trees from desecration; no easy matter, by the way, when we remember that during the last exhibition entire grass plots and borders disappeared after each fête, as completely as if an army of locusts had passed over the land, the grass, roots and all, being literally ground in the dust under the feet of the thousands that passed over them.

The most important and at the same time the most striking feature of the Champ de Mars will be the Palais d'Électricité and the gigantic water works before it. Both will be models of modern ingenuity. In the crypt of the building the motors of the enormous electric power of the entire Exposition will be housed. It is difficult to find words of description so new and colossal are these two magnificent structures. Iron and glass alone will be used in their construction. In the centre of the waterfall on some rocks a group will be placed representing Humanity, conducting Progress towards the Future, below two figures of the furies personifying Routine, the central cartouche of the Palais d'Électricité will have emblazoned on it the numbers 1900 in electric lights of gigantic size, and on the top of the building will appear the statue of Electricity. The French love all things bright and beautiful and they promise us something that will very nearly approach a miracle in the illumination of this most wonderful palace. The architects of these daring conceptions are, M. Eugene Hénard, Palais d'Élecricité, and M. Paulin, architect of the waterworks, both graduates of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Persian imagery alone could adequately describe the

PALAIS D'ÉLECTRICITÉ.

SALLE DES FÊTES.



PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING.

wonders of these palaces of Water and Light with their wealth of translucent color. It is not hard to imagine that as Parisians claim mortal eyes have not gazed yet on anything nearly approaching their equal. All that is powerful and grand, awe-inspiring and beautiful in electricity will be here apotheosized.

Behind the Palais d'Électricité and the Chateau d'Eau and in the centre of what was once the Gallerie des Machines the great Salle des Fêtes is situated. Up to the present the circuses of Spain hold the record for the number of those seated in one enclosure, which is 12,000; but Paris of course must outdo this in her Exposition and the Salle des Fêtes is built to hold 15,000 spectators. It is round, beautifully decorated, and the dome is a masterpiece. One million five hundred kilometres of iron have been used in the construction of this vast Salle.

On each side of the Salle des Fêtes are the vast spaces devoted to agriculture. That on the side of Avenue La Bourdonnais being devoted to French interests, that on the side of the Avenue Suffren to the various foreign sections.

There is no doubt that the Champ de Mars with its various palaces will produce a most imposing spectacle. Going through the Tour Eiffel on the right the first palace we meet is that of Education and Letters, facing which on the left is the Palace of Mines and Metals. Next to the Palace of Education is the Palace of Civil Engineering, its vis-a-vis being the Palace of Tissues and Clothing. Next to the Palace of Civil Engineering comes the Palace of Chemistry, and opposite this the Palaces of Mechanical Materials and Processes. Then comes the great Palace of Electricity joining the two sides with its pointed arch of marvellous light.

Of the palaces of the Champ de Mars the most attractive and beautiful, perhaps, is that which houses Civil Engineering; a majestic arched entrance forms the middle of the building, to the left and right of which are long colonnades, finished on either end by two great pavilions. A wonderful frieze by M. Allar runs the entire length of the colonnade and represents every known method of transportation from the chariot of earliest history to the most modern of automobiles. Then there are other friezes, cartouches, wonderful fresco paintings, sculpture and decorations; nor is it too much to say that a view of this beautiful palace alone merits a visit to Paris. It is the work of M. Jacques Hermant, a pupil of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, known in America as the architect of the French section of the Chicago Exposition. This Palace of Civil Engineering is indeed a worthy monument to the distinguished Frenchman's genius, and Americans who remember his work in Chicago will doubtless be delighted by this latest proof of his power.

The Champ de Mars will certainly present a wonderful spectacle by daylight, but it will only be at night with the great Palais d'Électricité lit up and the many-hued colors of the waters playing in its fountains that visitors will realize all its beauties. If the Champs Élysées will look its best in daytime, the Champ de Mars will look its best at night.

Another striking feature of the Champ de Mars will be the Luminous Palace, the work of M. Pousin. A Parisian wag has described it as "a dream of opium," and it certainly is as Oriental as a vision of Tom Moore's. M. Pousin is a painter who has devoted himself to the study of stained glass. He finds in glass his whole delight and ambition, as he says himself glass is more transparent than air, more opaque than metal, and one has every *nuance* of color, softness, subtlety, depth, solidity at command. It can be milky, opaline, irridescent, black as night or metallic, and all forms are possible to it. M. Pousin is an enthusiast; he has raised the Palais Luminous on some rocks in the middle of the lake near the Tour Eiffel. Steps lead to a vast hall, luxuriously furnished with draperies, portieres, divans, rugs; the dome is decorated with rubies and gilding; a lantern hangs from the centre and a globe on which rests the statue of Electyone, daughter of the Sun, turns continually in space without apparent support. The entire furniture, with the walls, dome, floors, decorations, are made of glass, fashioned in the most wonderful colors. The fringe of the curtains is made of ropes of pearls and altogether, whether under the sun's rays or those of the electric light, the effect of all this glass will be most dazzling. M. Pousin has managed to imitate with astonishing success all the most beautiful known gems; the Palais Luminous, therefore, will realize the dreams of our childhood as to fairyland. Birds and flowers, all in glass, flourish in this palace and make illusion more complete, and as to the outside decorations, it seems impossible to realize that it could ever have been fashioned of the same material. M Pousin has actually succeeded in getting the most exact representation of brocaded tissues and the portieres hang with all the softness and grace of silk and with all its subtleness. Luckily for M. Pousin we live in an age when witchcrafts are pooh-poohed and laughed at otherwise it would go hard with his skin, for he has certainly achieved a wizard's dream.

(To be continued.)

THE LUMINOUS PALACE

MISS ISABEL IRVING'S GOWNS IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS" AT THE EMPIRE.

Mrs. Clara Bloodgood. *Miss Annie Russell.* *Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.* *Miss Mabel Morrison.*

HANDSOME GOWNS WORN BY "MISS HOBBS" AND HER FRIENDS AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. HENRY MILLER made a dangerous experiment when he accepted Mr. Freeman Wills' adaptation of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," rechristened "The Only Way." He refused to believe that a sufficient number of French aristocrats had been guillotined on the New York stage, and had dyed the boards with their blood, or make up, if you insist on being literal. He refused to take warning from Mr. Coghlan's disastrous finish in "Citizen Pierre," at the close of last season. He believed that we like being wrought up, and he proceeded to harrow.

He appeared in a play written for an English actor, whose requirements and capabilities had been studied, carefully, by the adapter. This is a new departure. Usually a well-known star camps by the desk of his author, and, gazing over the copy, jogs the elbow of his victim if another character in the play is given a good line. Sometimes, authors are stupid enough to fancy that some one else besides the star is to have a scene worthy a curtain call. Anyway, Mr. Miller went ahead, regardless of the fact that New York is tired of being guillotined in spirit. And New York proved as fickle as a coquette. New York has accepted Mr. Miller and his well built guillotine with thanks. The public is not "crying for" him, to quote from the food people, who take in vain, with yellow journal war type, on the dead walls of the city, the name of the small person. But the public is handing its shekels through the box office of the Herald Square Theatre right along. As Sydney Carton, Mr. Miller has a part after which the heart of every actor longs. It is full of "situations." It is melodramatic enough to appeal to the gallery, and it is artistic enough to appeal to the orchestra. Surely mortal actor could not demand more of his author. (I am not expected to say immortal actor, am I, Mr. Frohman?)

Mr. Miller draws a very fine picture of the gentlemanly blackguard, and portrays with rare distinction the lowest depth of degradation and splendid heights of emotion to which Sydney Carton descends and rises, at the end, redeeming himself in "the only way," according to his lights. Miss Margaret Anglin, as Mimi, a license of the adapter, by the way, and a fortunate one, plays with delightful delicacy. Mr. Edward J. Morgan is as intense and earnest as ever, and Mr. J. H. Stoddart divides the honors with the star. Mr. Byron Douglas—but no manager expects more of Mr. Douglas than that frown. It is what matinee girls sigh for, give up caramel money for, and, more to the point, buy tickets for. When Mr. Douglas forgets that frown, he will have to take up another profession.

"A Stranger in a Strange Land" would feel more at home in Red Dog or Kalamazoo. It does not belong on Broadway—though the Manhattan Theatre is on Sixth avenue, it ranks with the Broadway houses. There are some very bright lines in the play, though the whole is a hopeless hodge-podge, and the cast is a good one. Mr. George Osbourne, who has become famous in Indian parts, plays with his usual skill, and Mr. Cyril Scott, who has reformed, promised never to stray after strange gods again, and vowed not to covet the laurels of Wilson and Hopper, does what he can with a rather senseless role. He manages to throw a great deal of boyish enthusiasm into his scenes.

As to the plot, Sherlock Holmes would not try to figure on it. There are a series of Indians, a real one, Mr. Osbourne, and various others who have assumed the disguise for farce comedy reasons. The identity of each is mistaken by his dearest friends and nearest relatives, according to farce comedy laws, and the audience is more bewildered after each act. Mr. M. A. Kennedy is amusing and Miss Maud White as Alice Wellington, an American girl in London, has nothing to do but wear pretty gowns and laugh. Miss White laughed very heartily and at some length at most of the jokes, but then she draws a salary for it. Still I fancy it must go hard with her sometimes. It is a severe test of her abilities as an actress.

Mr. Sidney Wilmer and Mr. Walter Vincent plead guilty on the programme, as the authors. They are two young actors, and as this is their first offence the public seems inclined to see the good points of the play, just for encouragement, and to look for better things from them in the future.

"The Gadfly" has fluttered away from Wallack's into the gloom of ignoble failure. Mr. Stuart Robson had too much regard for the feelings of the public. He does not know New York, evidently. We have been fed on tobasco so long that plain spice is as weak as a John Drew play or table d'hote claret. Erotic plays, with young women possessing pasts and a continuous performance of presents give the critics an opportunity to take a high moral stand, and to utter telling epigrams, but the erotic plays fill the house, and, incidentally, the pockets of the managers. A very brilliant confrere said recently, "We still have 'Zaza,' the tragedy of a demi-mondaine, so nakedly told in the original French, that the American adapters have seen fit to lug in a final and irrational fig leaf, which is a new outrage rather than an apology. The rehabilitation of Zaza, in the last act is an offence against art." But the American adapters knew their business. They served tobasco by the buckets full, and the primest apologized for their rapt attention to Zaza by pointing triumphantly at the moral. The plan has made a fortune for every one concerned.

Then gaze at the wreck of "The Gadfly." Mr. Robson rejected the adaptation of Mrs. Voynich, the author of the book. It was impious and impossible he said. It was a tirade against the church. It must be toned down. The delicate feelings of the public must be protected. As it was the poor little gadfly at Wallack's was so apologetic, so harmless that it was ignored. It did not rise to the dignity of being discussed at Sorosis. The good ladies never thought of arguing "Should our young people see 'The Gadfly.'"

It is very absurd for an actor, who has made a hit in one line of work to rush into something else. It is not so in any other profession. A man who has made a reputation as dramatic critic is content. He does not sigh for the comic editor's job. A man who has mastered the ins and outs of the dry goods business does not close out his shop and devote himself to drugs. But actors will do it. De Wolf Hopper attempted to be more serious than is his wont when the "Charlatan" was first produced. He had to get into his old tracks. And Mr. Francis Wilson tried to crowd Mansfield in his new comic opera "Cyrano de Bergerac." He has reformed, I hear. But no editor compels a critic to sit through a comic opera twice. So my information is gathered from the press agent. If actors insist on turning things upside down, how can the critics for the dailies write half their copy before the play? Mr. Robson tired of the laurels he had won. He refused to be funny any longer, and "The Gadfly" was the result. He played remarkably well, considering he was entering an entirely new field. But why plough new ground when the old soil is fertile still? Miss Burroughs had the thankless role of Gemma, and Mr. Ernest Hastings made a dignified and impressive cardinal. Of course he could not be the priest of the book, but that was not his fault.

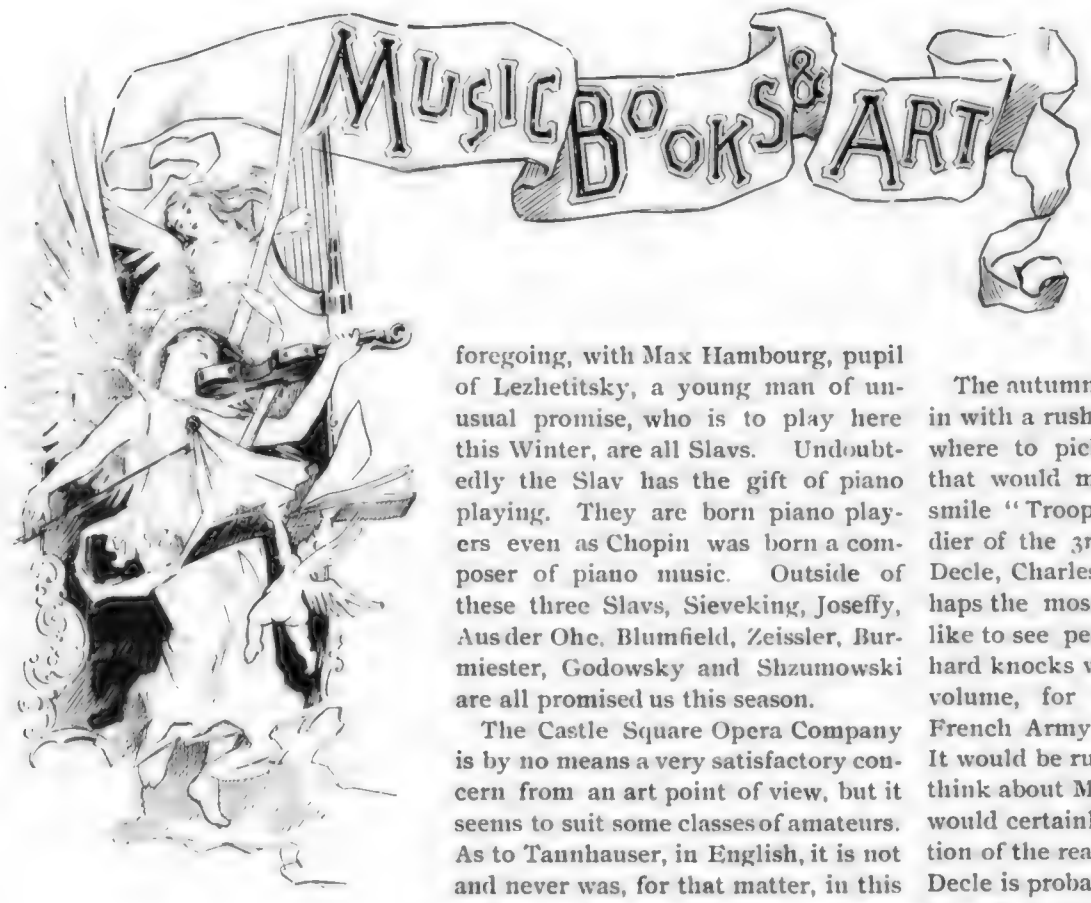
GORHAM.

Stage Gowns.

In America, lately, as has been the case for some years in Paris, we draw heavily upon the stage for fashions. The leading women of the stage spend as much time in the selection of their gowns as upon their parts. In many of the secondary rôles the gown is more important than the lines. The gowns in a modern society play, put on by prominent managers cost a small fortune. And the clever woman does not order her winter wardrobe till she has seen the new plays produced in the early fall.

Miss Isabel Irving is one of the best dressed women on the American stage. Aside from her acting it is her taste in dress that makes her valuable as a leading woman to Mr. John Drew, who plays only modern society plays, as a rule. If there is a novelty in the way of a sash, a stock or "the clover leaf chain," such as she wears in the first act of "The Tyranny of Tears," having a successful run at the Empire, Miss Irving is sure to discover it. The detail of her toilettes is perfect. Her gowns in this play are up to her standard, and, alone are worth the price of admission. A green chiffon tucked, to look like stripes, and worn over green silk is a delightful confection. The stripes meet in the back in a bias line, and dwindle away into the series of small, fluffy ruffles at the bottom of the gown. Above the ruffles, which run in zig-zag loops, is a band of Irish lace. A pretty feature of the toilette is a lavender chiffon scarf that is laid about the throat, caught in a loop with a hammered silver buckle at either side of the yoke and allowed to fall in graceful folds to the waist. A charming toilette is a princess gown of white cloth. It is fastened by laces from below the hips to the bust. There are wide revers that give a dash and piquancy to the costume. The yoke is filled in by one of the new princess ties. A masterpiece is an entire gown of old Renaissance lace, ivory tinted. The petticoat is ivory silk veiled with white chiffon. The long, pointed tunic is edged with sable. The bodice is cut square, with transparent sleeves, and a band of fur runs from shoulder to waist on one side.

There are some handsome gowns to be seen at the Lyceum, where "Miss Hobbs" is very popular. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert wears a pretty costume for an old lady. It is black silk, made with plain skirt, having a wide panel in front. The large point lace collar and tiny cap to match are finished with a small bow and strings of pink ribbon. Mrs. Clare Bloodgood, one of the many well-known society women who have gone upon the stage, recently, wears a delightful affair in silk poplin, the latest Parisian craze. The wide flounce is headed with several rows of cording and the yoke and sleeves are of Irish point. Miss Annie Russell's gown in the last act is of pink, dotted net, over pink silk. The two lace flounces at the bottom of the gown are banded with satin ribbon. The tunic is slashed, edged with point lace, and closely gathered panels of the net, bound with tiny ribbon, are let in. Miss Mabel Morrison wears an effective gown of green silk, veiled with black lace. There is a panel of black chiffon from hem to waist, caught at intervals with green velvet bows. The bodice is décolleté and the sleeves are of the lace.



MUSIC.

THE pianist of note to reach this country this season, is Vladimir de Pachmann, the divorced husband of Maggie Okey, now married to Maitre Labori, of Dreyfus fame. Pachmann has wonderful technique and is master of every possible shade in tone and color. Nevertheless, he is anything but a great artist, and although he passes for a great Chopin player with the masses, as a fact, his art is distinctly bad. Pachmann will sacrifice musically, anything for effect, and his sentimentality is the reverse of Chopinesque, being vulgar. At the same time he is a great craftsman, an acrobat only, if you will, but nowadays piano pounders are so numerous and so devoid of all aptitude for tone color that it is a relief to listen to an artist who if not great has certainly mastered the beauties of *nuance*.

Paderewski plays in December and is expected to arrive here the last week of next month. We need not feel sure of his coming, however, till he is here, for his opera may detain him later and perhaps altogether.

It is curious to note that both of the foregoing, with Max Hambourg, pupil of Lezhetitsky, a young man of unusual promise, who is to play here this Winter, are all Slavs. Undoubtedly the Slav has the gift of piano playing. They are born piano players even as Chopin was born a composer of piano music. Outside of these three Slavs, Sieveking, Joseffy, Aus der Ohe, Blumfield, Zeissler, Burmiester, Godowsky and Shzumowski are all promised us this season.

The Castle Square Opera Company is by no means a very satisfactory concern from an art point of view, but it seems to suit some classes of amateurs. As to Tannhauser, in English, it is not and never was, for that matter, in this language a success. But the company work hard and probably do their best, therefore, why blame them for shortcomings that are unalterable.

At the opera Mr. Grau promises us a Mozart Cycle, news almost too good to be true. Emile Paur will have a chance to show what he can do with opera conducting. The latest reports as to Jean de Reszke's coming are not favorable, still he is a good hearted fellow and if friend Grau finds himself in a hole de Reszke will surely help him out. Melba, unfortunately for us, goes to Russia, but all of the others are to be here notably Calvé. The greatest treat Grau promises his patrons so far is the hearing of "The Magic Flute" with Madames Sembrich, Ternina, de Lusanne, Adams, Strong, Shuman-Heink and Mantelli, and Messieurs Selizka, Campanari, Plancon and Edouard de Reszke, all in the cast. "Falstaff" will probably be given, but about this nothing is actually sure.

By the way, reliable news come from Italy, that Verdi is completing his memoirs, more or less because he wants to defend his Wagnerian departures with "Othello," and the attacks of the lyric school therefor. Verdi is to-day the greatest living musician, and whatever he has to say on any subject will be anxiously awaited by the whole musical world.

BOOKS.

The autumn flow of books has set in with a rush, and it is hard to know where to pick and choose. A book that would make our Gallic cousins smile "Trooper 3809, a Private Soldier of the 3rd Republic," by Lionel Decle, Charles Scribner's Sons, is perhaps the most notable. Those who like to see people or institutions get hard knocks will be pleased with this volume, for Decle "goes for" the French Army with a sledge hammer. It would be rude to say just what we think about Mr. Decle's book, but we would certainly like to draw the attention of the reader to the fact that Mr. Decle is probably still smarting from the effect of some terms of imprisonment imposed on him by his superiors in the French army; also that we have only heard his side of the story and have no possible chance of hearing the other.

Another book of every day interest is John Fiske's "Dutch and Quaker Colonies of New York and Pennsylvania." It is a book that should be on the library table of every descendant of these sturdy pioneers; containing a mass of information, it is nevertheless neither didactic nor dry, but is written in most entertaining fashion brightened throughout with anecdote and witticisms. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

In lighter vein there is "A Married Man," by Francis Aymart Matthews, Rand, McNally Company, a very well written story. "At a Winter's Fire," Bernard Capes, W. W. McClure Company, will be acceptable to those who like the weird and horrible in fiction. It is a collection of stories calculated to make the most callous shudder. "A Rogue's Conscience," David Christie Murray, Buckles & Co., New York, is a stirring tale of thieving, and "Madame Paradox," by Mrs. Ormerod, Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia, is a story having an artist's model for background and one we can confidently recommend to our readers.

ART.

Major Akerman is in luck, if he is as he supposes the owner of a Morretto. One of his friends lately returned from London bringing a catalogue of the famous pictures in the British Museum. In this Major Akerman found a copy of a picture in his possession, and underneath it a note stating that there were two of these paintings in existence, but that the whereabouts of the second was unknown. Major Akerman claims to have had the picture in question for years in his possession. Morretto was a pupil of Titian and amongst the most celebrated of the early Italian portrait painters.

We strongly advise a visit to the Durand-Ruel galleries. The elder Ruel has been in Paris for some months and promises as usual to make his galleries one of the most notable sights on Fifth Avenue.

We hear there is a chance that M. Benjamin-Constant and his charming wife are to pay us a visit sometime during the season. If so, they will be greatly missed from the hotel in the Rue Pigalle where Mme. Benjamin-Constant entertains so charmingly.

Aime Morot's recent expedition to Abyssinia has borne excellent fruit in spite of the fact that he and his friend Comte Edmond de Grimberghe were arrested as spies. Morot and also de Grimberghe were there just long enough to catch the color scheme so peculiar to the country, and are now working on two canvases shortly to be exhibited.

The Art Students' League is already in its twenty-fifth year. There is to be a series of lectures on art every month. The afternoon Illustration and Sketch class of Walter Appleton Clark and the Composition Class opening next month under Arthur W. Dow's supervision. De Camp will have charge of the Portrait Class, Twachtman of the Antique, while Kenyon Cox and George Bridgeman will devote their time to the Life Class.

New Yorkers should not miss the Exhibition of the American Art Galleries. Some excellent Colonial furniture, rare rugs and curios of all kinds are being shown.

A SENSE OF HUMOR.

(A Story of a Literary Lion.)

THE EXPRESS TRAIN pulled up at a small station, the engine performing the act with a suggestion of unwillingness, as one unaccustomed to check itself at anything below the rank of a junction. The guard hurried to a first-class compartment, and Mr. Andrew Tite stepped out. The guard placed the portmanteau on the rustic garden seat, and with one hand held his whistle to his mouth; with the other he received Mr. Tite's donation. A porter of amazing youthfulness strolled up from the signal-box at the end of the platform as the train started.

"Now then, ten twenty," said the infantile porter to the guard, and with much truculence, "'urry up."

The train hastened away, and the small porter watched it.

"That train ain't stopped 'ere," he said, with a reminiscent air to Mr. Andrew Tite, "not for the last free months. Last gent it stopped for was Sir 'Enry ——."

"I want this portmanteau taken up to the Unicorn," interrupted Mr. Tite sharply. "Do you know it?"

"Well," said the boy, "I ort to."

"Certainly you ought. But do you?"

"There ain't many men that knows the Unicorn better than me," said the small porter, with a knowing smile. "If I don't know the Unicorn, why nobody don't know it."

"That's all right then. Bring this up there as soon as you can, and I'll walk on."

"You go through this orchard," explained the boy, "and bear jest the least bit to the left, and you come to a ——"

"I know the way quite well," said Andrew Tite. "I used to live here."

"What name, may I ask?" said the boy. He took a piece of chalk from his pocket.

"Tite," said Andrew Tite.

"It's new to me," remarked the boy. And he wrote carefully on the portmanteau with a piece of chalk one word—TIGHT.

Mr. Andrew Tite crossed the line and opened the gate of the orchard. He had had so much of praise during the past year that he should have been glad to be exempt from it for a time; yet, somehow, he could not help feeling disappointment at the small porter's ignorance of his fame. To come back after a few years of absence to the village where he had spent his early days had occurred to him as a pleasing and an impressive thing to do, and though he had a special difficulty to face in the shape of a visit to the doctor's house—Florence Saxby was a niece of Doctor Parr's—even there it would be agreeable to hear their opinions of his books. What he proposed to do was to call after lunch and just stay for half an hour or so.

"Poor little Florence!" said Mr. Andrew Tite.

He kicked a stone out of his way and adjusted his tie. It was rather a large flowing tie with a fine suggestion of the Boulevards about it, and when, of late, lady journalists had interviewed the newest literary lion, his tie was always made the subject of a separate paragraph.

"It's hard on her, of course," acknowledged Andrew Tite to himself. "Very hard and disappointing. And really up to last year I thought I should have kept up the correspondence and the love of years ago. But, good gracious! such a lot of things have happened since then. For instance, there's Miss Vanbury."

It was surprising to find how very small the small village seemed. In five minutes he was near to the one hotel of the place, and he had always had an impression that it was quite a long distance from the station. He looked up at his old school-house, and made a mental note to call in to-morrow and request for the boys a special half holiday. This would be a genial, semi-regal, inexpensive action, which would be in every way gratifying.

At the Unicorn a pleasant scent of lunch. A bustle and hurrying to and fro of white-aproned maids. A look of gay expectancy on the face of Mrs. Hostess mingled with some nervousness.

"This way, sir," said Mrs. Hostess, bustling out of her room into the dim entrance. "We had your wire and the room is ready, and we sent word to Jim Turley, and he's going to call later on, and he says the links are in perfect condition, and there's no reason, Sir Henry, why you shouldn't begin to-morrow, and Jim Turley has got a cousin who can ——"

"I beg your pardon," said Andrew, crossly. "Pray don't talk so fast, and pray tell me what in the world you are talking about. I'm not Sir Henry Anybody."

"I'm afraid I am," said a big voice behind him. "Hullo, Tite, is that you? What the deuce are you doing here? What has induced you to——"

"I was born here," said Andrew. He dropped his pince-nez and took limply the hand which the breezy youth offered.

"Well, that's some excuse, certainly. Even a novelist, I suppose, must be born somewhere."

"Perhaps you will allow me, Rowlands, to ask what is your reason for coming to a place like this. It isn't Tooting Common, and it isn't Chingford."

"Wish to goodness it were. The links here are not good, but I'm down here partly for a bit of quiet practice, and partly for—well, that's about all. It does one good to have a change."

"What I want just now," said Andrew, "is not so much change as lunch."

"I'll see to that, sir," said Mrs. Hostess, interposing. "At the same table?"

"At the same table" said Rowlands. "Tite, you will be my guest for this feed."

Andrew Tite fixed his pince-nez carefully on the bridge of his nose, and surveyed the impulsive youth before him. They happened to be members of the same club in town, where they knew just enough of each other to quarrel on political questions. Rowlands was a man so accustomed to score at golf that he kept up the method in other games, and this brought him into conflict with other masterful players.

"Be my guest at lunch," repeated Rowlands.

"You're very good," said Andrew Tite. "I will."

"In a quarter of an hour, sir," said Mrs. Hostess, anxiously, "and not a moment later."

"I'll see that he is punctual," said young Sir Henry Rowlands.

They strolled down the village together, passing *en route* the doctor's house. It stood well back from the road, and Andrew Tite, trying to look through the thick short line of trees that protected it, stopped a lecture that he was making on the subject of agricultural stupidity. The thought of the old evenings came swiftly back to him, evenings when he used to stand near the gate, and a note, written in a schoolgirl hand, used to be passed through the branches with much elaboration of wholly unnecessary secrecy, to be answered that night by a sealed communication delivered with similar mystery.

"I'll think we'll turn," he said.

Rowlands went up to the gate and peered through curiously.

"Come away, Rowlands," said Andrew; "people don't care for that sort of thing here."

"Thought I saw a girl," remarked Rowlands. "Such things do grow in the country, I believe."

"Pray be careful," begged Andrew. "I know the people there."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm hanged," said Rowlands, astonished.

At the Unicorn, such a lunch as the Unicorn had never before dreamt of. Mrs. Hostess, caring nothing at all for literary lions, had found herself spurred to most excellent performance by the presence of a baronet. There was no menu, but Mrs. Hostess obligingly came in at the beginning of the lunch, and mentioned in the manner of a dioramic lecturer, with a respect that was concentrated exclusively on Rowlands, a few of the important features.

"Fried soles?" said Mrs. Hostess. "Fried soles, Sir Henry; lamb and mint sauce, game pie, Sir Henry; roast fowl, blue mange, Sir Henry, and cheese and salad. And" (this as a kind of *bon voyage* wish) "I hope it'll be to your liking, Sir Henry, and of course you, sir, as well."

Lunch, after several times threatening to come to an end, and not coming to an end, did come to an end, and the two men sat out in the shade at the entrance of the Unicorn, and lighted their cigars. The smoke went up to the nostrils of the rampant white Unicorn over the doorway, and gave to that rare animal an increased appearance of being about to sneeze. Mrs. Hostess, red with encouraging nimble-footed white-aproned maids, went back to her room, and fanned herself with an "Advertiser."

"And, as I say," concluded Andrew Tite, "there is something in the dull monotony of country life which seems to destroy, for those who live in it, all sense of humor."

"I see your argument," remarked Rowlands. "I daresay there's something in it."

"There's a great deal," said Andrew. "You don't know anybody here, I suppose, Rowlands?"

Rowlands blew a gentle puff of smoke at an insect on a leaf of the creeper at the doorway, and intoxicated it into somnolence before he replied.

"Nobody to speak of," he answered. "Of course you know everybody?"

"Well, no. A good many folk have died since I left."

"Because you left, perhaps?"

Andrew Tite did not smile. It is never wise to encourage badinage directed against oneself.

"Who is the doctor?" asked Rowlands, casually.

"Dr. Parr," said Andrew. "He has a niece who keeps house for him. That house you were peering at just now in the village. Rather decent sort of a girl, too. Some pretensions to good looks."

"That's gratifying," said Rowlands, with some interest, "for all parties. And is Miss Saxby old?"

"How did you know her name was Saxby?" asked Andrew, quickly.

"My dear fellow, didn't you say so?"

"She's young," said Andrew. Still young."

"*Tant mieux*."

It was a little irritating to Andrew, despite the fact that he had relinquished all claim to be considered Florence Saxby's *fiancé* for quite a year, to find young Rowlands showing this interest in her. But Rowland's next remark put him again at his ease. "I didn't tell you, perhaps, before lunch, Tite, did I? I'm going to be married next month."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Andrew, with much heartiness. "Very glad to hear it. And, look here, Rowlands. I'm going to call on this Miss Saxby this afternoon. If you like I'll take you along and introduce you."

It had suddenly occurred to him that the meeting would be less awkward if a stranger were present.

"I shall be very glad," said Rowlands. "I'm ready now if you are."

"There's no great hurry."

"Let's go now and get it over." So they went at once.

Dr. Parr was out. Out, said the neat maid, and wouldn't be back perhaps for hours upon hours. Miss

Saxby? Oh, yes, she was in. The neat maid beamed in the direction of young Rowlands, who stood discreetly at the back of Andrew Tite. Would they kindly step this way?

"I hope this is not an inconvenient time to call, Florence?" said Andrew, as a slim, tall girl entered. "The fact is——"

"I'm very pleased to see an old friend at any time, Andrew."

"This is Sir Henry Rowlands. Rowlands, this is Miss Saxby. I found Rowlands at the Unicorn, and I ventured to bring him along."

Rowlands said gravely that he was very glad, and Miss Saxby, in her merry way, almost laughed with pleasure as she turned to him. It was a relief to the literary lion to find that at any rate she was in no maudlin mood.

"Are you here for long, Sir Henry?" she asked, smilingly.

"I'm here for practice. I want to score if I can this year in more ways than one."

"I hope you will succeed."

"I'm afraid Rowlands does not make himself plain," interposed Andrew.

"No one can say that I'm pretty," said Rowlands.

"What Rowlands means is," explained Andrew carefully, "that he is here to practice golf, and he also intends to be married shortly."

"Next month, corroborated Rowlands.

"So soon as that?" said Florence Saxby, opening her eyes widely.

"It seems to me a long time to wait," said Rowlands.

"Are you fond of cricket, Sir Henry?"

"No, no," corrected Andrew, "not cricket. Golf."

"Of course. How stupid of me. Golf, I mean."

"I am fond of it," said Rowlands, "but just now it has the second place in my affections. The first is——"

"Andrew," exclaimed Miss Saxby, hastily, "I am forgetting you. But that only serves you right, because you had distinctly forgotten us. If it hadn't been for your books which we have found in Mudie's box and the little paragraphs about you in the papers——"

"Mr. Andrew Tite is not a Prussian," murmured Rowlands.

"Why, I am afraid we should have been disturbed about you."

"It has been rather a busy time," said Andrew Tite, importantly. "We literary men have little opportunities for cultivating the—what shall I say?"

"The garden?'" suggested Rowlands.

"No, no, no. Nothing like that. For cultivating the society of our old friends I mean."

"I understand," said Miss Saxby.

"The world," went on Mr. Andrew Tite, with the frown of conscious notoriety, "the world expects a good deal from those whom it decides to honor. Directly your name gets to be known you are invited here and invited there; women journalists call and interview you——"

"Interesting," remarked Rowlands.

"Publishers pester you, editors worry you, and you don't know, I assure you, what it is to have in your own rooms a quiet chop from one month's end to the other."

"A quiet chop," remarked Rowlands, "is really a very pleasant companion. What I can never stand is the noisy, rollicking, talkative chop that——"

"Go on, Andrew," said Miss Saxby" interrupting Rowlands.

"I can assure you," said Mr. Tite, "that over and over again I have longed—absolutely longed for the old quiet life in this little country village, where life goes so leisurely. The 'sturm and drang' of London life——"

"A foreign expression, Miss Saxby," explained the other.

"Begins to tell after a while even on the strongest brain. It is like the continual clank, clank of the machinery on an Atlantic liner, that never stops night or day, from port to port. One feels at certain times that one is becoming used to it, but as a matter of fact one never becomes used to it. Its determined, relentless, insistent clank, clank becomes a part of your existence, it is true, but it is always the ogre of your life, the demon that by his presence makes you old, worn, and fatigued before your time."

"I always enjoy lectures," remarked Rowlands, when Andrew paused, "but I think they ought to be accompanied by pictures on a white screen, and a piano."

"So that you had no time to write," said Miss Saxby, "anything but books?"

"Absolutely no time."

"At any rate we have not forgotten you. We have often talked about you whenever we have seen your name in the papers."

"I am glad," said Andrew, "to think that my memory has been preserved by some means."

"Do you really mean that?" she said, brightly.

The challenge seemed to leave no way out.

"I mean," he said softly, "a great deal more than that."

She smoothed the white gown she was wearing gently over her knee, and for a moment she was thoughtful.

"You can form no idea, though, Miss—Miss——" began Rowlands.

"My name is Saxby, Sir Henry."

"Miss Saxby. You can form no idea what a very important man Mr. Tite is in town. I know one or two men at the club who swear by him."

"I think I can guess. I know that when I was in town last year he was so much engaged that we saw very little of him."

"By the bye, Tite, are you really engaged? There was a rumor to that effect."

"If a public man," said Andrew, with some acerbity, "were to contradict all the incorrect reports that are sent round about him he would bring himself to an early end by overwork. I always argue that the private life of a public man has nothing to do with anybody but himself. Upon my word, though, nowadays, that seems to be impossible."

"Shows how careful you chaps ought to be,' said Rowlands. "Of course, the report must be very annoying, too, to Miss Vanbury."

"Was that the lady——" began Florence Saxby.

"I particularly want you, Florence," interposed Andrew, hastily, "to show me the garden round your lawn. I want to freshen my recollection of it. Rowlands, you can stay here, if you like."

"I think I would like, if Miss Saxby will excuse me."

"You will find the 'Times' there, Sir Henry. I shall not keep you long."

"I hope you will," he whispered.

Miss Saxby handed the paper to Rowlands and Rowlands instead of taking the paper, touched her hand, and the paper dropped to the floor. Andrew picked it up.

"You are a clumsy fellow," he said.

Really it was very soothing and consoling, and altogether agreeable, to be once more strolling round the small, square, clean-shaven lawn with the slim girl in white at his side. He picked some mignonette, and she placed it with her old smile in her blouse.

"Do you remember when I last did that?" he asked.

"I don't think I am likely to forget. There are so few romances in one's life that it is quite easy to remember every page."

"What do you think of Rowlands?"

"He seems a straightforward sort of young man," she said, judicially, "as far as I can judge."

"He's not quite my sort," said Andrew, "but he's got a certain manner with him that enables him to get on with people. Only, of course," he laughed, "no one would claim that he was a man of intellect."

They stopped and looked through the open window into the room. Rowlands had relinquished the "Times" and had taken up an illustrated ladies' journal, and was studying, with much interest, portraits of the current bridegrooms.

"I suppose it is natural that you should say that, Andrew, of almost anybody. Do you still live in chambers?"

"Yes, I shall live there until I cease to be a bachelor."

She looked up. He put his arm under hers and she turned to the window nervously.

"Florence, dear, I'm sorry that I behaved rather meanly to you. I ought not to have dropped you without a word of explanation. If you think you can forgive me, give me back one sprig of mignonette."

She took a sprig from her blouse without any hesitation.

"And we are good friends again?" he asked anxiously.

"Excellent friends, I hope," she said.

"I can't tell you how happy that reply makes me. I came down here to-day with the full intention of only just calling and seeing you, and now——"

Andrew was on the point of stating the truth. He stopped himself just in time.

"I say," called Rowland from the open window, "I say. Will someone kindly tell me how it is all bridegrooms frown?"

"It is done," explained Miss Saxby, "to hide their natural gratification. I wish you would touch that gong, Sir Henry. The maid shall bring tea.

If Florence Saxby had been delightful in the garden, some superlative word was required to describe her as she presided at the tiny tea table. The figure of Miss Vanbury (a gaunt lady of much cleverness, who wore convex glasses) forced itself upon Andrew's mind. He could see quite clearly now the mistake he had made.

"Wonder whether it's too late to repair the blunder," murmured Andrew. And he took a second cup of tea.

"I think I liked your last novel best," remarked Florence Saxby. "I fancy it shows greater insight into actual things; and there is a very pleasant strain of humor. Don't you think so, Sir Henry?"

"I can't say," confessed Rowlands, "that I've read any of them very carefully; but I daresay it is as you say, Miss Saxby. Tite is a rare man for humor; he argues that the leading characteristic of the bucolic mind is its want of that particular quality. I tell him that he is rather sweeping in his charge."

"I suppose women share that trait," said the young lady.

"It is easy to see the failings of other people," remarked Andrew with an impartial air. "I daresay as a matter of fact we all have our weaknesses. Are you keeping up your painting, Florence?"

"As well as I can. Would you care to see some of the work? Sir Henry, will you come, too?"

"I don't know much about art," said Rowlands.

"Then you will be able to play critic. This way."

With Rowlands looking closely at a small portrait at one end of the small studio, Andrew found a second opportunity of speaking words of confidence. Rowlands really seemed a youth with a commendable amount of tact. When he noticed that the two were in earnest conversation near the large easel he increased his attention to the portrait.

"Florence!"

"Andrew!"

"I suppose it is quite understood that our half-engagement is at an end."

"Oh, quite at an end."

"And there is no sort of bond between us now?"

"Excepting that of friendship, Andrew."

"There is no reason why we should not be capital friends."

"Capital friends," she agreed, smiling.

"What a good, sensible girl you are, Forence." Andrew sighed and touched lightly a fold of her white sleeve. "Do you know I have often thought of the old days, the day just after I left school, when I used to send stuff to London editors—and such stuff, too—and you and I used to wait at the post-office for the big envelopes that always came back? You were in shortish dresses then.

"I'm rather glad, I think," she said, brightly, "to find that you still remember those days. I shall never forget them."

"However successful a man may become," said Andrew Tite, oracularly, "he always remembers his first sweetheart."

"Especially if he marries her," suggested Florence.

"That," said Mr. Tite, "does not affect the matter. Is this crayon work yours? It seems very fair."

The scent from the trees at the back of the house came lazily through the open window, and contested in a slow, dogged way with the smell of the paint tubes. Rowlands, with his back to the two, put down the portrait, and looked about for another.

"Just one more word, Florence. You were always the best of girls, and I am so glad we have not quarelled."

"I don't think I could have done so, Andrew."

"Shall we shake hands?"

"With all the pleasure possible."

It was a small hand with a rather good ring on one of the fingers. It was a soft, white hand, too, and it lay in Andrew's with such a gentle pressure that for one moment the canvases danced before his eyes an intricate gavotte. But this was no excuse for the immediate action of Andrew Tite. In view of the existing circumstances (existing circumstances including Miss Vanbury) nothing, I am bound to say, could excuse Andrew seizing the small white hand, pressing it hurriedly to his lips and murmuring hurriedly two words.

"Dearest love!"

Rowlands was really very sorry that he had dropped the canvas. He did hope that no harm was done. Miss Saxby assured him after careful inspection that no harm whatever had been done.

"I think we had better go, Rowlands," said Andrew Tite, with a flushed face.

"I am ready."

"And perhaps you will let us call to-morrow, Florence?"

"I hope you will. And you too, Sir Henry."

"You're very kind, Miss Saxby. I hope we will see each other again."

"You must try and call, Sir Henry, when my uncle is in."

"Even if he were not in——" began Rowlands.

"Now come along, Rowlands. Good-bye, dear. Good-bye."

Andrew Tite ran back to the gate after the two had proceeded a few steps.

"May I send you a note this evening?" he asked hurriedly.

"You are one of my favorite writers," said Florence Saxby, demurely.

Andrew Tite went up to his room and Rowlands being called for by the excellent Turley went for an hour's practice. Andrew's writing work consisted of one communication, and he did not commence that until he had walked about the room and considered a great deal. The letter began:

"Dear Miss Vanbury,

"I want to send you a few words on rather a serious matter. When you promised a few weeks since to be my wife, I——"

There were two sheets of closely-written arguments. At the end was this:

"Pray, therefore, consider that we are released from our engagement to each other. You are a woman of considerable sense, and you will, I am sure, agree that all this is for the best.

"My regards to your mother if she has returned from Nice. If I do not call on my return to town you will know that it is because pressure of work prevents me.

"With sincere regards,

"Believe me,

"Faithfully yours,

"ANDREW TITE."

When he had folded this, placed it in an envelope, addressed the envelope to

"The Hon. Miss Vanbury,

"117, Eaton-terrace,

"London, S.W.,"

and despatched it by the postman who called at the moment for letters to take by tricycle to a post-office five miles distant, Andrew Tite felt that Volume III of his life only remained to be penned. That evening he would write to Florence Saxby and renew his engagement with her, and——

Enter Rowlands. Rowlands, back from the links in the best of spirits, Rowlands, fanning himself with his cap, lounges on two chairs at the entrance and hails the literary man descending the staircase in a loud boyish way,

"Hullo, there!"

"Ah, Rowlands; back from play?"

"Play, sir? Its hard work. Real hard work. That's what it is."

"I am rather anxious, Rowlands, to have your opinion. Can you spare a few minutes?"

"Hours."

"It won't take long. I want to know what you think of Miss Saxby."

"Miss Saxby!" said Rowlands, wonderingly.

"You surely haven't forgotten the lady to whom I introduced you this afternoon?"

"Oh, that young person. You don't care for her, do you?"

"I'm surprised," said Andrew. "I should have thought she was just the kind to attract you. To me she seems the most delightful of women folk."

"Perhaps your experience has been limited, Tite."

"I don't know so much about that," answers Andrew Tite, knowingly. "I know what they are pretty well. I was just wondering what most girls would say if they were proposed to by a man of position in the world."

"So far as I can judge," said Rowlands, "I should imagine that most girls would say 'Yes.'"

Andrew smiled.

"I don't think there is much doubt about that, Rowlands. It must be a great satisfaction for a girl to make a really good marriage; and, after all, Florence Saxby is a clever girl. Quite above the ordinary.

"I think so."

"Of course," goes on Andrew, argumentatively, "all women have certain drawbacks. As I was pointing out this morning, in the case of the average provincial there is also with them all that lack of a sense of humor which is so much to be deplored."

"But, Tite, I fancy there are exceptions. For instance, my *fiancé*."

"Oh, yes. Your *fiancé*. You are going to get married, too."

"Going to have a try."

"And what is her name? Who is the lady. Rowland? Eh?"

Andrew Tite hums a snatch of a popular love song in order to let Rowlands see that he is not going to stand aghast, no matter how high in the peerage the lady in question may be.

The night has a thousand joys,
The stars, the moon,
And I my love——

"The name of the lady who is going to be my dear wife," mentions Rowlands deliberately, "and to whom I have been engaged for three months, is Miss Florence Saxby."

* * * * *

Mr. Andrew Tite caught the 5.50 P. M. back to town. The infant porter recognized him and his bag, and took charge of both with an air of extreme friendliness. The infant porter after he had booked three passengers and had rung a big brass bell, shouldered the bag, and as he stood on the platform by the side of Andrew Tite waiting for the up train, essayed to while away the time by amicable talk.

"'Ad enough of it, sir?"

Mr. Tite did not answer, being absorbed in his own thoughts.

"I say, sir." The infant porter tapped him on the arm with the familiarity of a youthful official and nodded towards the village. "I say, 'Av y'ad enough of it?"

"I have had, my boy," said Andrew Tite, gloomily, "just a little too much of it, thank you."

"This Dog, My Dog."

My good dog wears a leather band
Around his sturdy frame;
'Tis studded o'er with shining steel,
And bears my street and name.

I know a maid whose dainty waist
Is clasped, like Carlo's neck,
With leather band; its steel-bossed curves
Threaten my peace to wreck.

For in my mind comes daring wish,
Whene'er that belt I see,
To have the right thereon to 'grave
"This girl belongs to me."

—*Life.*

A Mystery.

"It's shameful!"

Witherby folded up the morning paper, drank another glass of ice water, and got up from his half-finished breakfast.

"Yes," he continued, looking at his wife as if he considered her personally responsible for half the errors of mankind, "to all intents and purposes, at that affair last night I was the only man present who was sober after ten o'clock. It seems strange that just because a fellow who is going to get married gives a little dinner to his friends to celebrate the event, they should all make asses of themselves Fillton is an old friend of mine, and of course I was glad to go and help give him a send-off; but it's a shame, nevertheless. I am glad that I have had experience enough at such times to be discreet."

He filled his glass again and emptied the pitcher, while Mrs. Witherby looked at him with a half serious and utterly hopeless expression.

"John," she said, "when you came home last night, or this morning I don't know which it was, you were all right, weren't you? You hadn't taken too much, had you?"

Witherby gazed at his wife with that air of complete surprise, that fine interrogative aspect of mingled scorn and indignation which every married man can assume at a moment's notice.

"The idea!" he exclaimed, loftily. "But you never did have any confidence in me, anyway. Why, of course I was all right."

"Then I should like to know," said Mrs. Witherby, quietly, as her husband rang the bell for more water, "why you hung your dress suit so carefully on the bathtub faucet."—*Life.*

Whyte—Some genius has invented a buttonless shirt. Greene—They're old my dear fellow! I've worn them ever since my wife learned to ride a bike.

Little Birdie, nestling up to her sister's suitor, "Tell me how rich you are, will you?" Suitor, good humoredly: "I hardly know myself. Why do you ask?" Little Birdie: "Well, sister said she'd give a dollar or two to know, and I thought I might get the money."

The Apple of Paris

BALZAC has said, "A husband is the tail to a pretty woman's kite." But if she has not beauty, the average woman learns to her sorrow that she has not much of a kite, and that designing mammas and clever chaperones try in vain to win for her that most important point, a desirable husband.

AN EXPLODED THEORY.

"Handsome is as handsome does" is all very well in theory. It makes little girls polite to their governesses. It persuades them to give little trouble to their guardians. But in after years when a young woman enters the social arena, she finds that if she has no beauty, she is armed with foils only, while her pretty sisters wield sharp pointed swords.

The clever woman would give all her intellect, all the imposing letters after her name, indicating her degrees, for a well turned cheek, and a pair of pleading, blue eyes, capable of the seductive, baby stare.

She has been busy developing her brain, and, incidentally, knots in her forehead, to say nothing about lines around her mouth and a sallowness in her cheek, the latter from staying indoors too much, while her pretty sister has retained the freshness of her complexion and has bothered her little head about things essentially feminine only.

The clever woman sees that the most brilliant men, those most eligible from a worldly point of view, avoid her. Nature has adjusted these things very delicately. Otherwise we would have a race of idiots on one hand and a set of intellectual giants on the other. Clever men seek beauty. That is an established fact. Brainy women must put up with the namby-pamby men scorned by my lady Beauty. Of course, the cleverest woman never lets the man upon whom she has designs know how clever she is, and if by any amount of care and attention to her toilette she can cheat nature and make believe she is better looking than she is, she knows that the time is well spent.

Of course, the fairy that presides over beauty cannot attend the christening of every woman. She has troubles of her own, and takes a vacation occasionally. The foundation of beauty is youth and health, and the retention and preservation of these depend largely on the woman herself.

TIME A GENTLEMAN.

Time is a gentleman, not a Shylock. He does not clamor for his pound of flesh, when it is due. With charming gallantry he waits for payment. Sometimes he gives a woman several years of grace, before he presents his little bill, and calls upon his fair debtor to surrender to him her youth, and consequently, her beauty.

A woman's first claim to beauty is her complexion. She is at a great disadvantage if she is unable to face the garish light of day without that last resort of the fading coquette, a veil. Lowered shades, dim lights and veils are the first public acknowledgments that youth is passing.

TREATMENT OF THE SKIN.

Naturally, the treatment of the skin must depend on its quality. Usually when the complexion is bad, it is either too dry or too oily. The remedy in either case is simple. If the skin is dry and apt to scale, it is badly nourished. In this case very little soap should be used and hot water must be avoided. The face should be washed but once a day. Lola Montez, who is an authority on the toilette, claimed that she washed her face but once a week. She bathed her eyes in rose water every morning, and wiped her face with a silk handkerchief, that had been dipped in cold cream. She asserted that her face was cleaner than that of the woman who splashed in soap and water. These cannot remove the infinitesimal particles of dust secreted in the pores.

If the skin contains too much moisture, do not seek the temporary relief, powder. Remove the cause. Close the pores, and allow the system to remove the impurities some other way. Mix one ounce of dried rose leaves and half a pint of white vinegar. Let this stand for several days, then add one half pint of rose water. Let this stand for two days then strain, throwing away the rose leaves and putting the lotion in a glass jar. Cork it tightly. At night apply the lotion with a silk cloth. A linen or cotton one is apt to leave lint on the face. Naturally, this prevents the lotion from getting into the pores.

An interesting anecdote is told of Voltaire. He was talking to a pretty woman. She became very piqued that his attention seemed to wander to a fair one whose charms were appliqued with fine care. Voltaire turned to his companion and said with complimentary emphasis:

"That is the perfection of art. I prefer the perfection of nature."

As a general thing it is very well to leave things to nature, but it does no harm to assist her over the rough places, or to jog her memory occasionally. She is a very busy person, and is apt to overlook her duties. She is most likely to forget the hair. Two women out of three have nondescript, colorless hair. When it is not kept in good condition, but is moist and clings together, it is hopeless.

It is a good idea to remember Solomon's tip on the subject. He seems to have had a corner on beauty in his day. His experience was not limited, certainly. He said, "The crowning glory of a woman is her hair." There is nothing more beneficial to the hair than the sun. The Greek maidens, of old, who "sat on the walls of the city and combed their hair," were up to date. After the hair is washed in tar or carbolic soap it should be rinsed in three waters, each colder than the last, and dried by allowing the sun to shine on it through a glass. This strengthens the hair, and there has been discovered no better bleach. To remove the odor of the soap do not apply perfumes, the alcohol in them turns the hair grey, it is said. Keep the brush in sachet, and after the hair is dry brush it carefully with the perfumed brush.

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Answers to Correspondence.

[All communications must be signed, though the name will be withheld if the request is made, and should be addressed to Madame Etiquette.]

TABLE DECORATIONS.

To Madame Etiquette:

Will you be good enough to give me some suggestions for table decorations. I want to give a dinner to the Arrangements Committee of a prominent country club. Some sports were arranged recently at the country place of the Chairman of the Committee, and the young lady who won the bicycle race is to be the guest of honor.—L. L. D.

Why don't you have a floral bicycle, done in the club colors, in the centre of the table. Have the menu cards a wheel of bolting cloth, with gold wire spokes, between which the courses are hand painted. For souvenirs you might have golf stick pins, or small ribbon racquets. These are made by bending a piece of whalebone into the shape of a tennis racquet and wrapping it with ribbon. String the racquet with embroidery silk, and fasten in the centre a wax bead for a ball. If you wish something handsome, you could give riding crops, real racquets or golf sticks.

STEP DAUGHTER'S WEDDING.

To Madame Etiquette:

Will you tell me how I should word the wedding cards of my daughter. I have married again, and she has the name of my first husband.—Mrs. G.

In answer I will copy the wedding cards of the daughter of an English army officer. I have just received them and they read "Colonel and Mrs. Blank request your presence at the marriage of Mrs. Blank's daughter, Edith, at St. George's," etc. Yet, last year a well-known New York girl took the opposite course. She is devoted to her step father, calls him papa, and her cards read, "Mr. and Mrs. John Blank request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Clara May Dash," etc. Her family name was used also, you see.

HABIT BACKS.

To Madame Etiquette:

I am entirely too thin to wear the habit back skirt. Is it imperative to have tailor gowns made so?—Lilly C.

I have consulted our fashion writer in your behalf, and the answer is you may have, instead of the habit effect, a large plait coming from the waist, and losing itself in the flare of the skirt. These have not been used much here, but are seen often in Paris.

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PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S LEAGUE.

ONE of the most prosperous and wealthiest, as well as the most interesting, of women's clubs, in New York, is The Professional Woman's League.

The aim of the league is to bring together women of all professions, that they may assist each other in their work.

They have very prettily decorated rooms at No. 1509 Broadway. The first floor is given up to the drawing room, president's den, secretary's office and library, which is a very fine one, by the way. On the next floor are the rooms for entertainments. The present quarters must be vacated, however, as the owners of the property have decided to make a different disposition of it. The members have under advisement the matter of taking a private residence, further up town, but no definite conclusion has been reached.

The idea of having sleeping apartments at the league house is a thing that meets with the enthusiastic approval of many of the members.

Once a month the members give a card reception, and an elaborate programme is arranged, after which dainty refreshments are discussed. At these affairs are to be seen women well known in the social, literary, art and musical worlds. This is the only day during the month that visitors are admitted to the club house. Exceptions are made, of course, of women who are visiting the city and have been sent a membership card of two weeks.

Every week there is either a literary or drama day. Different members of the club, who belong to these respective professions are appointed to preside on these days, and to arrange a programme, calling upon any member to assist.

Every fall the league holds a bazaar, which lasts a week. For several seasons, the white and gold ball room of the Waldorf has been the place selected for the bazaar. The proceeds are devoted to charity. In the spring there is an annual reception, usually held at the Waldorf, for which a number of cards are sent. This is followed by a dramatic production at one of the Broadway theatres, the proceeds of which are devoted to charity.

The tea room presents a charming appearance every afternoon between four and half-past five o'clock. Different members are asked to preside at the tea table, and there is a good natured rivalry about the best brewed cup that cheers, without leaving unpleasant reminders of past fun.

MRS. A. M. PALMER.

It is here, around the prettily arranged tea table, that the principal literary and dramatic events of the day are discussed. Often the conversation is a forecast of the city news that will appear in the leading dailies next day.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer, wife of Mr. Richard Mansfield's manager, is the president of the league, and has been, since its birth, six years ago. Mrs. Palmer has made an excellent president, and has displayed a great deal of executive ability in her management of the club's affairs. She has stated that she will not hold the office after the expiration of her present term. There are about five hundred members. Among the most prominent are Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, editor of the Woman's Page of the "New York Tribune"; Mrs. Ida Trafford Bell, Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Julia Arthur, Miss Myra Brooks, who is with Mansfield this season; Mrs. Clarence Burns, who was president of the Woman's Republican Club, for a long time, Miss Kate Claxton, Miss Maida Craigen, Mrs. Jennie June Croly, Mrs. Harvey E. Fisk, Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, president of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Stuart Robson, Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Alice Brown, Secretary of the club; Mrs. Hannah Ingham Stetson, leading woman of the Murray Hill Stock; Miss Stone, author of "The Social Highwayman"; Mrs. Frank Leslie, and Mrs. Edwin Knowles, wife of the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

AROUND THE TEA TABLE.

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New York Fashions.

E. KUMKE, No. 143 West Twenty-third Street, is displaying his usual good taste in his models for the latest fads and fancies in furs. The cut shows a chic reefer in baby lamb, which is very much in demand. A carefully arranged illustrated catalogue will be mailed on application.

BERGDORF & VOIGT, No. 125 Fifth Avenue, are great authorities on tailor gowns, opera wraps and habits. At present they are making a feature of the latest things in fancy waists. Their garments have a cachet of style that is difficult to find, and cannot be excelled. Send for illustrated catalogue for further details.

HERMAN H. HORNFECK, No. 15 West Twenty-seventh Street, has a variety of exclusive designs in fur garments. The cape shown here is a fine sample of his work—well cut and excellent form. The Eton jacket which illustrated the Hornfeck work in September Pictorial Review is in great demand.

HAAS. BROS., of West Thirty-first Street. The opening at this house was one of the events of the month. Fine street gowns, toilettes, millinery and opera wraps, were an exquisite picture, upon which feminine eyes feasted with delight.

H. SILVERMAN, No. 11 East Thirtieth Street. The head of this establishment returned from Europe recently, where he gathered new ideas and his tailor gowns this year will be up to his standard. His patrons can ask no more.

M. WEINGARTEN, No. 34 West Thirty-fifth Street, made such a reputation in Troy, N. Y., that after eight years there, he decided to open an establishment in New York also. His success here is most flattering, and though he has been in business here one year only, he is competing with the oldest and most reliable houses. His stock of silk and woolen goods and furs is large enough to allow the most fastidious to be suited in gowns and fur garments.

B. SCHULICH, of No. 10 West Thirty fifth Street, is making some very stylish tailor gowns. Many are fur trimmed. Furs have been added to the other attractions of the establishments. He is filling many orders for the Horse Show, where many of his gowns were worn with good effect by social leaders last year.

G. BRODSKY, No. 200 West Forty-third Street, does most excellent work. The accompanying illustration speaks for itself. It is a heavy black broadcloth. The skirt is the newest cut, trimmed with silk braid. The waist is very unique, the white satin revers and collar being appliqued with baby lamb. The fur department is all the most fastidious could demand.

A. C. WEINGARTEN, No 37 West Thirty-first Street, is displaying some effective designs in tailor gowns. The most attractive are fur trimmed, according to the present mandate of fashion. His patrons are some of the best dressed women of New York. The accompanying illustration shows a special design that is attracting a great deal of attention.

"UP-TO-DATE"

PAPER PATTERNS

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